

# McGraw-Hill's

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**In the  
Canadian  
style**



**The travels of  
Chairman Hua**







again. He may never even pick up a book again.

**Maclean's:** We have a lot of references to good old-fashioned discipline and the need for that. How do you react to that?

**Dennis:** I have yet to see self-discipline coming from an individual discipline model. If that is a self-discipline activity, it's a pre-emptive self-discipline, toward independence and interdependence. I'm against the kind of discipline we know in the past because I don't think it bore fruit in terms of helping the individual to be self-disciplined. I want discipline to be an expression part of the human experience, so that I'll need a minimum of laws in my society. That doesn't mean I won't be fast with children; I believe that there are times when you are firm, very firm, with children. I believe that working in a clinical atmosphere of learning in itself does the kind of punishment syndrome that we used to attach to discipline. Canadians are very discipline-oriented. We show our anger in the eyes of the most ill-used countries in the world and we have one of the highest incidences of child abuse in the world. That's why, I guess, when *Love and Learning* came out, one recommendation about all others attracted attention, the one that said corporal punishment is not an appropriate method of discipline.

**Maclean's:** (Wren) 50 per cent of the high school teachers in favor of corporal punishment?

**Dennis:** Yes, and as equal number of the teachers who read this in the last vestiges of our power in the classroom, a rather unfortunate turn of phrase, too. But the more symbol of authority is somewhat out of place in a real learning environment, I think. I'll stand my ground on that one.

**Maclean's:** Where can the educational system be most effectively changed by the general public?

**Dennis:** Like all the other changes in education, I thought, parental involvement could be brought in next week. We thought we would conduct school committees at the school level, and that would be participatory democracy. That isn't possible. It has nothing to do with making and writing an act and giving it to the schools. Our next crisis has to do with the collective ownership of the great possibility of learning that we have right on our doorstep. We have one of the most expensive educational systems in the world. It costs more than any other, compared to the Grosse Pointe Road. We have a free society, the parent is encouraged to come, the teacher is reasonably well paid and reasonably autonomous to do exciting things in the classroom, the student has free access to a very sophisticated educational experience. The one instrument that we probably need to make these work well is a well to work together, and I'm afraid we haven't recognized that as an obstacle to good education. We haven't found the strategies and techniques

that would bring about this kind of transgenerational relationship.

**Maclean's:** Where do the key changes occur?

**Dennis:** They occur at the local level, in the most intimate level. The manner of education is an evolution, basically. That's a sophisticated and realistic way to approach democracy. The only real learning that takes place is between the teacher and the learner, and that's a local condition.

**Maclean's:** But if I wanted to leave and consider content, or our teach English, or the principal of a high school. I'm not legally allowed to do that at the moment.



The mere symbol of authority simply has no place in a real learning environment

**Dennis:** Okay, but I don't think you should be able to leave it out at the first place. I don't think the principal is the one or the woman who signs those child abuse history. It's the body politic at the community or the regional level. That's better than having the legislator decide that every student in this province shall take... Now I think legislators should be able to say, "Students should have access to this." That's legislating order and possibility. That's what I think the minister's job is. That's not quite the same thing as the minister saying, "This shall take."

**Maclean's:** As a liberal educator, if I see character in you that way, do you have any concern about the conservatism that might come through local change?

**Dennis:** Yes, but I have to admit that that is itself a democratic exercise. I mustn't forget, however enthusiastic I might be about progressive education, that it isn't

the most exciting thing in my country. The most exciting thing in my eyes is an individual citizen to have some influence on the educational scene. If it happens to be a parent who disagrees with Dennis and his philosophy, I should have the right to tell him that that is not the way it will be in my school system. Because the school system doesn't belong to Lloyd Dennis, it belongs to the parents he's trying to serve. The conservatism that might come out is born into the community is conservative.

**Maclean's:** It shows up in what your new book would if you like, from the heart of that one?

**Dennis:** Yes, I think I needed to oversimplify the humanistic aspects of learning, and downgrade too much the moral, fundamental aspects that people are now talking about. I've become much more realistic. If I would like to do a radical experiment on what we're doing now, stop the thing because it's "good" like Topsy, and find out what our goals really are. We're doing it in a much more realistic way. Education is a human condition. We need to counter our great power to communicate, still we don't quite know how to use, our seeming loss of identity, our seeming loss of purpose, the dichotomy between those who have and those who haven't, and our seeming loss of the spirit of man and our denial of its existence.

**Maclean's:** On the practical level.

**Dennis:** There are some things I would hope we could do within the next five years. One of them is national. I really see not a national curriculum. I believe, however, that Canada as a national phenomenon has a great possibility for human betterment, so I do see some national educational organization that will increase my collective power across the country. I see the educational structure as being one of the working tools of my people, because it's obvious to me that literacy and self-consciousness and balance in the country come partly from a lack of knowledge and a lack of understanding. Things that can be partly solved by education. We also need to admit, finally, that a good deal of the curriculum is really not suited to our need.

The present society is in need of improvement, not revolution, as the curriculum is the wrong answer if it just reinforces the present condition. One of the great sins of our society is that we're so busy defending ourselves against the attacker that we make no progress in the battlefield. I would take away from our system those things that force us into attitudes of conformity. I believe those more lead to anything good. For teachers and boards to do better is almost impossible in a time of crisis like we've got now, as economic crisis, a cultural crisis. We don't seem to have a purpose, collectively or individually, but we're so busy fighting one another about things like salaries and pupil-teacher ratios and all those evils of the trade that some of us is making any progress. We're all out there in one man's land holding it out.

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# If we're to discover Our Own Truth we must stop perpetuating our own lies

Column by Heather Menzies

So, the public's lost interest in national unity. Perhaps our review is that, looking at tonight's war on the books, we see Canada as their perfect country that will carry on forever. The first-order of its generally reality strains with power plays and previous apocalyptic ventures. Still, other ignoring or ignorant of that history, we drag to the prime time stage.

But we risk becoming the victims of our own illusions and a faith in ourselves based on myth we are helpless to see ourselves. Because, by separating us from what we really are, the illusion also separates us from knowing what has to be done and from the capacity to tackle drive to it.

Meanwhile, we look to the illusions of solutions—such symbols as the unity from dropping along the ivory teeth of social evolution's traditional pan, bells heralding the expansive extravasation of Canada Day, catch phrases like "One Canada."

But this only conceals the problems, because symbols are potentially explosive. Not to be used for reality, by misquoting as such, they can postpone too long the task of grappling with the real issues. And when these faulty symbols, the national disillusionment that the symbols into which we've poured our faith have failed can turn any candidate for solving the problems into a self-failing deflection.

Bilingualism as we've experienced it since the '60s, is a poignant commentary by example of this scenario. Thus, it's a national symbol of Canada today and its challenges for tomorrow. First, because it represents a coming to terms with the north-south of our country and their performance in reality.

The myth stands phrasal like "We are a two-ethnic country" with the head-high principle of equality based on myth, not on facts or economic class. The reality suggests something quite different. For one Quebecer, "When I cross the Ottawa River, I feel like a stranger there because that I have to be bilingual." And for a francophone in Ontario "It's as though French is a privilege, not a right."

The Official Languages Act has tried to compensate for old habits and their resultant attitudes in doing so, it's exposed the anglophones in their hypocrisy.

To a large extent, though, it's been an unconscious hypocrisy—on among those who confess "I guess I always saw them as a conquered people." Now, with all this fuss, the press have revealed the deep-seated bigotry that I had but didn't know was there.

Bilingualism is forcing people to realize that their actions and attitudes don't measure up to their self-image as good Canadians. Many anglophones can't see the point of the bilingualism program because

poised on examples of defeat as though the perpetrators were deliberate hypocrites. If nothing else, the success of the book *Allegiance Today, French Canadians stand as a monument to anglophone misunderstanding and the sincerity they felt in the face of their confusion.*

It's also a warning against clanking a variety of misunderstanding and long-standing unconscious hypocrisy with an illusory confidence. Because when the dark inevitably slips, the truth of failure comes as such a letdown that nobody can cope with its root causes. The truth doesn't lie in the dirt under our fingertips, but in being too long a way from the reality of the dirt.

By hiding from the realities of bilingualism now, we could self-deflect ourselves by a sense of no failure that we'll have no choice but to drag in empty symbols that support the final deflection. On the other hand, by entering the arena of the well-published anti-bilingualist bookish, we can't win it. We can see that much of the anxiety for bilingualism in Western Canada translates as antagonism against Ottawa for allowing us to go down without a fight while continuing to ignore their own deep-seated grievances within confederation. And then we can trust and take more comfort from the high school anti-French minorities' claims not only in the West, but throughout the country.

This is the other reality of bilingualism: that it's working. Despite the personal ordeal of working through 1984 attitudes, despite the grief of French losses and defensive crisis that the program costs too much, the son of that P.E.I. bureaucrat and thousands upon thousands of others are offering a response to the borderless separatist who says "I'm a conditional Canadian. Unless there is real equality between the French and the English in this country, I will be a Quebecer only."

Thus bilingualism offers us a alternative to magic formula, phrasal and symbols, to represent the hope that English Canadians can afford what it takes to bring the two-ethnic myth alive in the here and now reality. Not with as much grace as we might have liked, but who said we had to be perfect?

Heather Menzies is the author of *The Rainbow's Not Enough* published by Clarke Irwin & Co.



the status quo seems to work fine. They take it for granted that speaking English makes no difference to the French because they have experienced the subtle humiliation and outright frustration of being restricted in their self-expression or career advancement by having to speak a second language. Through the bilingualism requirements for the federal civil service, these people are taking back those formerly exclusive French feelings, being humbled by the process, and realizing that for bilingualism to be always one-sided changes as set of polite accommodations into one of rebellion.

It's been a slow learning experience, made traumatic by being so long overdue, and aggravated by the federal government's handling of the whole bilingualism program. Rather than ease the burden of Canadians confronting their mental gap between myth and reality by at least acknowledging the gap's existence, the government exacerbated it. It assumed that everyone would immediately understand and embrace the goals of bilingualism and

## The only thing more rewarding than giving it, is sharing it.





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MACLEAN'S

## Preview

Guess who might be coming to dinner, maybe

When Egyptian President Anwar Sadat goes to Camp David this month for the Carter-orchestrated talks with Israeli Premier Menachem Begin, he will carry with him an open invitation to stop off in Ottawa. Therein lies the tale of a diplomatic faux pas. When Sadat visited the United States back in February, Prime Minister Trudeau invited him to return via Ottawa. But the courtesy arrived in Cairo just days prior to



Sadat, perhaps a rain check?



Trudeau living the dream

Sadat's departure. Privately, Sadat was surprised and a little miffed, voicing his displeasure in June to visiting Tory MP Heath Macquarrie. When Macquarrie returned to Ottawa, he passed along his news to a prime ministerial aide and a fresh invitation was dispatched immediately. So this time around, Sadat has had a full two months to decide whether to accept or decline the gracious offer.

### The way of all flesh

While Quebec is joining other provinces in organizing a super-provincial lottery and wrangling with the federal scheme, at least one petty gambling operation in the belle province is about to be shut down. In a move that may shake provincers as much as Vatican II and the demise of the Love mess, the 80-parish Diocese of Saint-Jean on Montreal's south shore has decided to phase out bingo on December 31. The decision was made last Decem-

ber, after considerable soul-searching. Though anticipating displeasure from huge enthusiasts and opponents, Monsignor Bernard Hubert said, "I think that many Christians are going to show that they are happy they can liberate themselves from this type of financing." The decision was not dramatically announced in deference to some of the poorer dioceses. "We don't want to put those people in hot water and give ourselves the image of being 'holier than thou,'" Hubert explained.

### Sahh! Someone might be watching!

The Canadian film industry has happened upon a way of handing out its most prestigious awards, the Etrugs, so as to build up as little drama, public interest and general sweetness as possible. Just one of the Canadian feature films nominated has been released, but most will be screened at the Toronto Festival of Festivals (September 14 to 21). The Etrug will be awarded on the last evening of the festival and most Canadians can assume the judges' decisions after-the-fact when the films are generally released. Among the suspense nominees are George Kennedy's *In Process of Order* (starring Karen Black and Etrug nominee Helen Shaver (best actress), Marilyn Lightstone and Alberta Watson (both for best supporting actress), *Blood and Guts* with Micheline Lanctôt (best actress), *The Silent Partner* with Christopher Plummer (best actor) and *Three Card Monte* with Richard Gere (best actor). Claude Woff will present the Canadian premiere of her *Girl Friends* and Australian director Fred Schepisi will host the North American premiere of his widely heralded *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith*.



Shaver and Tom Gergegan behind semi-closed doors

### A shadow of his former sleuth

When Arthur Conan Doyle was felled by a worldwide protest to save Sherlock Holmes out of mourning doom, the immortality of his character was ordered. Holmes and his sidekick Dr. Watson are now at the mercy of a whole flock of would-be Doyle's. Nicholas Meyer tipped the switch a few years ago with *The Seven-Pointed Star*. Solution: Watson Holmes was cured of his morose rebellion by an unruly Sigmund Freud. Meyer followed up with *The West End Horror*, with Holmes being reborn by George Bernard Shaw. Books due out this October start



Holmes with Bertrand Russell, Virginia Woolf and John Maynard Keynes talking about Alexander Crowley in *The Case of the Philosophers*, King by Randall Collins, and capturing Jack the Ripper in the macabre *Black The Last Sherlock Holmes Story* by Michael Chabon. As well there is a \$5 million fine. *Murder by Decree* to be released next March. Christopher Plummer as Holmes and James Mason as Watson are supported by Donald Sutherland, Genevieve Bujold and Susan Clark. While well it won't. Holmes will be assigned to protect Archibuteus Fordman, prevent World War I and we will have never been in the mess we find ourselves in. Eloquent.



# Canada

## The best defence is a good offence

It was a dazzling display of political pragmatism (some might call it opportunism) that demonstrated why the Liberals have been in power in Ottawa for 66 of the last 82 years. With its right hand, the government reached out and grabbed the Conservative platform, and with its left it rode a few plankton from the NDP as well (see box). For the Liberals, who in the past have borrowed such policies as unemployment insurance, medicare and wage-price controls from their rivals, it was standard procedure. But if sent the Opposition going—and left little doubt in anyone's mind that an election was imminent.

The Opposition, indeed, assumed the initiative had already begun, as political was the nature and timing of the government's policy shift. In quick succession, following Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's television address to the nation Aug. 1, Treasury Board President Robert Andras announced cutbacks in government spending and Finance Minister Jean Chrétien unveiled a new budget with borrowing for everyone. That was to be followed by an announcement of more spending cuts, including a slash from unemployment insurance by Andras and new job-creation programs from Chrétien.

The first two announcements by Andras and Chrétien were reminiscent of the 1976 election campaign. They laid the same back-of-the-envelope quality snapback programs around with a deadline, details to be filled in later. As in the 1976 campaign, the announcements were made late in the day, leaving reporters little time to analyse the programs and the Opposition even less time to react before deadlines expired. The government had previously defended the headlines and the Opposition was left with inside-page coverage the following day.

Obviously, political strategy would call for such announcements to be made during, say, before, an election campaign. But Liberal strategists such as Jim Cunniff, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's chief of staff, and Keith Davey, the campaign manager, decided that the public, weary of political games and wary of anyone to be a political pundit, would not go for a reason of that. They decided, instead, to announce the Liberal platform before the election—when the public might still accept it at face value—and to run on the record after they'd raised the witt.

The Conservatives, whose private polls show considerable public distrust of Trudeau and his government, are counting on a groundswell of reaction against such lib-

eralism. They are in the time for all party type to come to the aid of the party.



### NEW LIBERAL PLANKS

Cut spending by some \$4 billion; reduce unemployment by 8,000

Get unemployment insurance to \$200 million; reduce money loaned job creation

Tax credits up to \$200 per child for low-income families

Private oil price (and taxes) scheduled to rise 91 per cent (see p. 1)

### ORIGINAL CARPENTERS

Conservatives decommissioned \$2 billion (see p. 40); 100 jobs

Conservative

New Democrats

New Democrats

eral politics and in their front, provided they can portray Joe Clark as more honest and trustworthy than the incumbents. The NDP is hoping the public will vote off both Trudeau and Clark, and that the private sector will coalesce around Ed Broadbent.

Both Conservatives and New Democrats will also try to shift attention away from the government's platform and onto other issues, such as Trudeau's constitutional reform package. While the package is really just a collection of long-term reforms, some critics see it as an attempt to downplay the role of the Queen. The Conservatives, who help form Eugene Forsey (see page 16), hope to cash in on such newsreel headlines. The NDP will try to focus on the high unemployment rate in its

campaign and argue that the government has not done enough to bring it down. "Unemployment is finally becoming an issue with the middle class," says a Broadbent aide. "Because their sons and daughters can't find work." Because of the NDP's strength in the east, some critics see it as a sure bet in that region, but the latest government maneuvers may have taken the steam out of the NDP campaign.

Beyond the political implications of the Andras-Chrétien announcements, it was also a remarkably clear when impact the shift in economic policy would have. Government officials were hard-pressed to say whether the cutbacks of the spending cuts and new job programs would stimulate or restrict. Finally, after repeated confusion by reporters, they said it would likely restrict.

More clear was the impact on individuals. All consumers will benefit from the temporary halt in the oil-price rise in petroleum products—provided the government of Alberta agrees to it. But of the 3.6 million families with children under 18, only 0.9 million will be better off under the proposed cutback in the baby bonus and accompanying tax credit. More than a million elderly people will gain from higher pensions.

The real losers were the bureaucrats, for whom the sales drive was definitely over. CBC President Al Johnson called the \$71-million cut in his budget "outrageous" and declared "A cut this deep really means in effect the government is prepared to accept the shift to cultural minorities through American television." Plans to expand Canadian programming have been scrapped as a result of the cutbacks and shown like Canada After Dark (the successor is 90

## The importance of being Andras and being there

Robert Andras is a Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's friend. When a program blows up in the government's face it is usually Andras who is summoned to advise the helms. Thus it was that the Competition Act, designed to make companies compete with one another, was dropped in Andras' lap in 1972 when the companies threatened to withhold contributions to the Liberal party treasury. Andras scolded the bill just in time for the 1972



Andras: The right place at the right time

election. When the Liberals nearly lost and many blamed the unemployment insurance program, Andras was called on to cut back some of its more generous provisions. Now, with budget talk of unemployment and government spending, political stability is at Andras' and a warning the new as president of the Treasury Board.

Outside Ottawa, the guy, rumpled-looking, 57-year-old is simply low profile. He is the son of a French-Canadian, Jean Chrétien, Trade Minister Jack Horner, and even Ontario Minister Jack Campbell. But he wields tremendous power and is being compared to the late C. D. Howe. He pro-

cessor once served as the riding of Port Arthur and the driving force in the Liberal government of Mackenzie King and Louis St. Laurent. Just as Howe denied his controversial ideology on previous Liberal administrations, Andras is a key figure in the Trudeau government's march to the right.

First appointed Andras is to go far when he first entered politics in 1955. A car dealer and Lakehead Chamber of Commerce president, Andras was not even expected to win the seat from the popular incumbent, New Democrat Doug Fisher, the man who had beaten Howe. But Andras got a break when Fisher decided not to seek re-election. A second break came in 1966 when Paul Hellyer lashed Andras then an obscure back-bencher, as manager of his campaign for the Liberal leadership. After the campaign, Andras rode Hellyer's coattails into the cabinet, where determination and hard work propelled him steadily upward.

Two years in cabinet have taught Andras to be skeptical about the state of government to solve everyone's problems. As such, government intervention often exacerbates the very problems it is meant to solve. "You can create dependency on an individual," he says. "It's something like parents who won't face up to the fact that their children have to be encouraged to go out and earn their own money." Andras' individual initiative ranks high on Andras' list of human values and government, he feels, often smothered instead of rewarding it. "It's fundamental that people be recognized for what they do."

After the next election, if the Liberals win again, Andras would like to move out of the shadows and into the national spotlight. An outspoken speaker—often in frequent and colorful sentences uncommon—his nonpareil seems able to communicate well on a conservative level. A quiet Trudeau adviser, he saw himself slipping into the vacuum on the right of the cabinet left by the departure of John Turner. Bryce Mackay and Donald Macdonald at quick succession. But he ruled out a run for the Senate. "I would have to shut down." It is obviously, definitely not one of his ambitions. I don't have the royal jelly, and I just don't see myself getting there. I'd consider it wasted. **IAN GUNDEY**

Minister Levy may have to go.

The angrier reaction to the recent program could yet come from the public service unions. They held a summit meeting after Auditor's announcement and agreed to fight the government all the way to the treasury. The unions' most effective weapon remains the strike and a summer of uneasy labor relations in the public sector, capped by a walkout by Air Canada's maintenance workers, seemed to portend a showdown between the government and its employees. The public service unions are once again considering a general strike.

The public mood is decidedly anti-Idler, however, and a strike of any kind by the "essential services" unions could play straight into the government's hands. Already, Liberal strategists are looking ahead to a general strike, expected this fall, as an opportunity for the government to prove it means what it says about getting tough with its employees. **IAN LIVINGSTON**

## VANCOUVER

### Radical surgery

As in the recent brain-rupture coup d'état B.C. Health Minister Bob McClelland took over the health ministry, now he is playing straight into the government's hands. Already, Liberal strategists are looking ahead to a general strike, expected this fall, as an opportunity for the government to prove it means what it says about getting tough with its employees.

● The launching of special centers in



quins into the deaths of three vital patients and level poor reports that they were related to a shortage of nurses.

- The sudden dropping out of a controversial acting director of nursing who had three months left in June.
- The start of an investigation by VGH doctors into the quality of patient care.
- The resignation of seven senior nurses—bringing the number to 14 who had quit to protest an intransigent management and lack of staff.

As precaution, McClelland (who two days before had suggested that such an action would be a "terrible mistake")

called head-wound former RCMP deputy-commissioner Peter Buzadsky, 54, from his retirement home on Salt Spring Island off the B.C. coast to set up a public administrative unit with dragging VGH leak from the top of collapse.

Roots of the hospital can be traced to the present merger of VGH, a high high-surgeon hospital with 1,163 beds, 5,600 employees (including 1,300 nurses), some 3,600 students and a 1978 provincial

budget of \$91.6 million which, due to cuts, is an net decrease of \$400,000 from last year's total. In other words, say some staff, a high-performance garage planning with expensive hardware, yet funded on the same basis as the local Tucson station. Add to that the December presidential appointment of 36-year-old American technician Larry Truff, who attempted a management shuffle to streamline the old lady and immediately crossed swords with nurses who had been demanding more staff.

Although there were no strikes beneath the hospital windows the week after McClelland's coup, armed VGH staffers performed the key-press tests as Buzadsky, who insisted that he was "the super-cop," quickly cut with nurses, removed the conditions placed by the three-lane duck Truff on the rehiring of the three department heads fired in June, and attempted to restore a pattern of normalcy for worried patients and doctors.

Participants and observers find little difficulty in casting doubt on why the in the mid-1980s. Hospital management blames a stringy provincial government and nurses who work too long the proper ethics (Truff had responded to new 500-employee nurse staff with a calm and professional letter saying his administration "does not respond to person democracy.") Nurses blame a weak board of trustees and Truff's absence. Some cynical commentators see the mix-up as a convenient way for McClelland to control the spectacle of a September 27 VGH annual meeting, which had already seen pro-and anti-shortage factions sign up some 10,000 new patient members in order to elect their candidate to five senior board positions. Cauter looks, however, speculate that in these

times of big business, big government and big labor, big health is and will continue to be the case problem.

Despite the apparent chaos following McClelland's power switch, the central concern remains the "worst" concern—that inadequacy to caring country's health conditions at VGH's bedside and who to blame for the three deaths being investigated. (One male patient killed himself by slashing his abdomen asunder with a razor blade an episode drowned in his ball and serious chest surgery.) "Double shifting is turning otherwise competent nurses into broken ones," warns Sue Rathwell, president of B.C.'s 30,000-member Registered Nurses' Association. The problem cannot be alleviated until Buzadsky's complete recommendations to McClelland on staff requirements in the coming weeks. Perhaps most telling is the ominous suggestion that the smoldering conditions that led to the chaos at VGH are not unique. "On one evening last week I received five phone calls from nursing directors and trustees from big hospitals in the East asking about VGH," says Sue Rathwell. "When I told them, they all said, 'My God, we've got the same situation here.'" **TOMMASO MARINO**

## NOVA SCOTIA

### The gods are smiling

Levity is a beautiful word that never comes the Halifax fish market of central Canada. Nova Scotians have much to be grateful for it is the summer of '76. Even the economy is co-operating: fish landings are up 36 per cent over last year and their value has increased by 47 per cent. Crops have rarely been better—the blueberry harvest, for example, will probably reach 54 million, up \$3 million from 1977. The provincial government has found a buyer for the dormant Halifax Shipyard. Though Sydney Steel, the provincially owned Crown corporation, collapsed last August a year, new long-term orders in their pipeline steady jobs. Toronto Works, Halifax Shipyard's only remaining Nova Scotia holding, now that Halifax Shipyard is being sold, has a huge haul of railway car contracts. In fact, the only thing that has been good in the way of Premier Sibley's calling a provincial election for September 19 was Nova Scotia's high and rising economic power rates.

After the Public Utilities Board gave the provincially owned Nova Scotia Power Corporation permission to raise rates 16 to 18 per cent (an up last year's 47 per cent increase), Regan called the bill "impossible." Nova Scotia's power rates were already the second highest in the country. The first, most notably, was Ontario, and there is a real threat of a power crisis in 1977. So Regan announced a three-year program of rate cuts. Five years, cost \$18 million. Thereby, 73.5 per cent of Nova Scotians households will face no increases the first year. In the second and third years,

their power bills will not go up by more than the cost of living. The plan was approved, with minor quibbling, by Conservative leader John M. Buchanan and his leader Jerry Alcockman. With his power problems on the back burner, for the time being at least, Regan was ready to take his third term to office.

Gen. Augustus (Regan, 48, is seeking what only three other Nova Scotians previous have accomplished in this century—the winning of three consecutive elections. The other legends are Liberal George Manley who served a record 27 years,



Nova Scotia fishermen loading their fish. Every day on here again, just in time.

August Macdonald, another Liberal, who held office from 1913 until his death in 1954 (with five years out during the Second World War when he was minister for naval affairs under Mackenzie King) and Conservative Robert Stanfield who racked up four triumphs (the last in 1967 against Regan) before going to Ottawa as minister of the Interior.

Regan would hardly say that his is a tough, tedious campaigner who has his first lost for public office and now takes nothing for granted. Last spring, just as summer's Liberal push showed the party's growing momentum with the Tories, but Regan's ability on the stump, combined with the favorable weather and brightened economic circumstances, have the Liberals in a buoyant mood. "It might even be a landslide," he says.

## Damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead

I will support you in any way that I deem to be in the point of full advice. —Eugene Forsey in a letter to Pierre Trudeau, 1968

If the prime minister really were clairvoyant, as some would claim he would have accepted Eugene Forsey's support and advice long ago. But the eloquent Forsey was such a plans paria—having dissented in the New Democratic Party and then the Conservative—there that he was not thought of receiving his any way but possibly Forsey came helped and in October of 1970 was rewarded with a posting to the Senate, a Trudeau move that seemed of hindsight. Five days after Forsey went to the upper house—the institution which he had once scornfully denounced—the prime minister invoked the latter Measure Act, and was delighted when Forsey renounced all his traits turned up on television defending Trudeau's move. At that moment, Eugene

Forsey's mouth—as during mobile and hysterical as he is, the country leader—was highly valued. At the moment however, with Forsey grandly leading the onslaught against the government's proposed constitutional changes there are those who might wish with his former boss had been involved with a Liberal campaigner before when the opportunity was at hand.

It is a glorious time for the 74-year-old constitutional expert. For once the coming letters exceed those pang out. (Forsey is likely Canada's most prolific letter-to-the-editor writer) and he is in his revitalized office with his sleek head bobbing like a happy woodpecker over the veranda of support that have landed in his mailbox. In the month that the 35 members, Senate-Conservative party control so the constitution has been meeting—the ninth constitutional review since the last one held in 1967—Eugene Forsey has been arguing that the government's Bill C-50 hobbles the Queen, debilitates the Supreme Court, destroys the Senate and, worse yet, the federal government.

Forsey never ever at a loss for words



word could uniformly may very well be unaccounted for on the outset.

The government's policy of support and advice has many who do not dismiss his lightly. Forsey's impressive credentials—the Rhodes scholarship in his years as the research director of the Canadian Labor Congress—his long service in his constitutional matters, but surprisingly, however, his light against turning the present Senate into a new house of the Federation has led to accusations of self preservation—a tag that loses much of its sting when Forsey points out that he will turn 75 on May 23 and must retire by law.

If anyone is counting on the Forsey line to be cited when his Senate tenure is up, they would be well advised to study Forsey's family line. When his great-grand-great-grandfather John Macdonald was born in 1747 he was deemed dead and placed in a coffin for burial at sea. Fortunately for Macdonald—and ultimately for Forsey—he neither died nor just at the moment they were to dump him. Jonathan was alive and he went on talking for 150 years. **RON MACLEAGUE**



Regan, what does go right, will go right

one senator, producing up to 40 seats in the newly expanded 52-seat legislature.

For Conservative leader Beaudin, 43, it's probably his last chance to become premier. Winner of a hard-fought 1971 leadership convention after former premier

(now Senator) G.I. Smith resigned, Beaudin led the Tories to 12 seats in 1974, compared with the Liberals' 31. This was a respectable enough showing for a party that was only four years out of office, but the 40 popular vote slipped was points to a disappointing 39 per cent. In a province that has had Liberal governments 74 of the

past 94 years, this is a formidable deficit. Beaudin is campaigning actively on economic stress. He has promised to deal with the province's "trifling economic mess" by confecting a full rafting of provincial government backslapping, and "trimming the fat" by cutting \$10 million from government spending, 3 per cent of the total budget. He would also "create a climate of confidence in the minds of Nova Scotians" rather than cropping the free market system, as he accuses the Liberals of doing.

The theme of government restraint is also being sounded, strongly enough, by the New Democrats, ally led by 36-year-old Jeremy Aklman. The NDP hopes to pin on the three seats a bid at domination. Their best chance, as always, is in industrial Cape Breton where all NDP seats are located. However, Paul MacEwan, Aklman's legislative colleague since 1970, may be in trouble in Cape Breton Nova where the Liberals are running popular Sydney Mayor Erika Tubbett against him. The NDP is making, for the first time, a determined push for the votes of small businesses—another sign of the times moving to the right.

So far, Regan and his Liberals have been content to defend, and flout, their record. The Liberal platform, promising "far-reaching and dynamic" economic programs, could not be all that ambitious. The slightly expensive close-to-power subsidies have all been closed out the treasury, leaving scarcely a widow's mite for further election goodies. **HARVEY KLEINBERG**

## Feeding the hand that bites you

One odd story says Walter (Stubby) Ross is now typical Alberta free-enterpriser—the kind of guy who made this province what it is. Twelve years ago, Ross then 33, shirked off earnings from friends and bankers and established Time Air, a beer-of-the-penis entire pulling back and forth between Lethbridge and Calgary as many times a day as he could fit his oversized Becks' 16. "I gave you a feeling of security, one long-term passenger really," he says the president of the airline flying the gas tanks and then climbing aboard to fly the plane.

Since then Time Air has spread its wings. A now market-saturated route to Medicine Hat, Pasqua, Craik, Red Deer, Grande Prairie and Edmonton, turns \$4.6 million a year into more than \$10 million. And there are 30-passenger Short 360-30s, and employees 138 people. "We put everything we made back into the line for years," Ross says, "and still now we're moving into the black a little. Then the boy gets bored."

The boy gets smelling the revenue on a Calgary-Lethbridge-Oakbank Valley-Vancouver run, says Public Works Minister



Ross (above) and one of his planes, the Capitalist Horus are at the gate

owned by the Alberta government, re-inked. Probably When I arrived by regular passengers—Tim Beal, applicant to the Canadian Transport Commission to land at Lethbridge en route to Vancouver, and Ross says, "It squashed overnight like a bug in an airfield field with the CTC. His client



that not only will make a job, it will also be a good revenue by more than 22 per cent, but PMA will likely lose more than \$12 million on the run. "They're losing it," he says bluntly, "on their own fat money."

CTC chairman Brian Thompson says the last law is government-owned will have no bearing on his passenger's deposit (which will not be made for at least two months). The only on PMA to protest the rule is

## ALBERTA

### A wing and a prayer

It wasn't easy, so Davis Ramsey spent the last part of an hour last month explaining to the liberal chickenheads that feathers from birds of prey are contraband now, and that he should never bring one into his Calgary souvenir shop again. When he came back a week later with 36 ruffles, much decorated with a hawk feather, she slammed her door, locked it, and sat down with the old man once more. Thus, here they open his door cutting the feathers off the birds.

"I've lived in this province for 40 years and I haven't had a criminal conviction yet," says Ramsey, who is a director of the state's passport parent society, Old Cabin Crafts. She may not escape the law much longer. Last July while the store was crowded with Stampede shoppers, three officers from the provincial fish and wildlife branch arrived with a search warrant and seized 36 hawkfeather items, ranging from peace pipes, each with a tiny, dangling feather, to a full-dress chicken dance bustle. "I was stunned," says Ramsey, who, in 20 years with Calgary Crafts, never before had her feathers ruffled or rifled by police officers. The contraband booty is worth \$1,500 and eligible for 13 years—"white turkey feathers," unless Ramsey's items in curio shops will officially powder whether a nonprofit society can be prosecuted for trafficking in parts of birds of prey.

Ramsey calls the raid "a total waste of



money." One block away at the First Main Gallery, his by fish and wildlife officers those days after it opened for business this summer, the exhibits are being called a plot to make it impossible for Albertans to appreciate artists linked to the country's heritage. Cowboy Donkey Tordoff was aware of laws regarding eagle feathers, but scarcely planned they applied to an 1880 Northern Plains war bonnet or an 1875 peace pipe that the First Main Gallery had bought at a London auction house. The exact status of feathered artifacts isn't certain, since charges have not been laid against the gallery either. But the question will soon be decided by another case in which a 3-C dealer has been charged with possession of provincial wildlife parts.

The charges were laid against James Butler after he sent a 19th century battle dress and a Plains Indians buckle to Calgary's Glenbow Museum, for examination—only to have them and go to the dustbin of the fish and wildlife department. Glenbow staff is exempt from the law but, says Donkey Tordoff, "It's all very confusing. It would seem we can't buy a hawk's headpiece because, unless we own it, we're dealing in illegal goods in the process of acquiring it."

Don Caldwell of Alberta's fish and wildlife says the Alberta crackdown over the past two months is part of a general North American campaign to stop what he calls "a well-known, well-explored, extraordinary black market" that operates in such techniques as smuggling whole skeletons of feathered beasts beneath the floorboards of cars. "We have to get a total stop to the whole business of trading in fur,

bonnets and talons," says Caldwell, citing the penalties of border stops and years' imprisonment for anyone who would dare the elaborate attempts to disguise new feathers as ancient artifacts. "We know of people who've captured live eagles, and all their fees for the skins and feathers that have gone. That's kind of monthly we're dealing with. A single eagle feather can sell for as much as \$15 and as the war escalates, Caldwell predicts more fur and feathers will fly. "Let's just say we haven't had anyone in Alberta killed over this yet."

SUZANNE SWABIN

## ONTARIO

### A time for moving on

The bench had been arranged six weeks earlier—a period of grace for David McKnight to change his mind, if he were up to it. But the Ontario treasurer's decision to leave the cabinet had been made, all that really remained was for McKnight to advise the premier, say his last farewell, and fly home to Charlton.

But even as they were ushered into the private upstairs dining room at Toronto's posh La Scala, Premier William Davis knew McKnight's intention. And he knew what this decision signified. He would be losing his first minister, but getting a protest—a classic to effect a Conservative housecleaning. Within days of the 45-year-old McKnight's departure, Davis had shuffled no fewer than eight cabinet portfolios, denying a staff, a no-nonsense head that said in effect: *Be not afraid.*

Perhaps that desperate or no, William Davis McKnight's ministerial intellect will

Why did he do it? Same as he had used of waiting for Owen himself to move on, which would have given McKenough another shot at the leadership he long coveted. Others say that since the random debate of last spring, when Opposition pressure forced him to retreat from a proposed 37.5 per cent hike in health-care premiums, the once invincible debater had been taking a beating in cabinet—most recently in the battle over Ontario's \$28-million grant to Ford Canada to build a new port in Windsor, which McKenough had opposed. Davis blurted broadly if other ministers being available but McKenough held his tongue. As one

**We think you'll be amused by its presumption**

Generations of pop: a French tanker sails dutifully with the swell, its holds slushing with three million litres of **bulk wine**. Soon it will be bottled and an aisle alongside apple craps and puny hots in Quebec's 9,900 family-run grocery stores.

During a huge spill, the specially designed Concorrent Haul will arrive at Montreal September 8, laden with French wineries' takes on of Bordeaux and Marcellus and Spanish into pumped aboard at Passaic. Once drained to La Bécasse, the 100-ton tank will be loaded usually reserved for milk. The wine will be blended and bottled for distribution to the grocers—an event likely to make Frenchies of the grape in other provinces over more palates of Quebecers' access to cool, low-priced wines.

Bringing it in by tanker—a first in North America—was the Scofield's solution to satisfying quickly a promise by Industry and Commerce Minister Rodrigue Tremblay to liberate wine from provincial dispensaries. In all, four shiploads will be delivered this year and the first bottles will be on shelves



Black and white photograph of a small, dark, rectangular object, possibly a book cover or a piece of equipment, with some indistinct markings.

put it. "He simply weighed the ups and downs and thought staying would be unproductive." At last word, he was considering several offers from private industry.



1. The following table shows the number of people who attended the 2000 Summer Olympics in Sydney, Australia, by country. The data is presented in a 10x10 grid. The first column lists the countries, and the first row lists the number of people in millions. The data is as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
United States	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
France	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
China	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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Italy	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Spain	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
South Korea	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Japan	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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Japan	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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Spain	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
South Korea	1	2	3	4	5	6				

rial 10-year contract. Maloney, 38, is not known to provide pro bono. Again, reasons for his departure were subject to wide speculation, but the best guess is that the brilliant criminal lawyer had simply tired of being known as Mr. Ombudsman. "He wanted to be Arthur Maloney again," a friend told Maloney's. "He wanted to put in front of his beloved jury again. He missed his freedom and independence." Both men now have their freedom and Ontario without two considerable public servants.

—MICHAEL TUNNEY

to grow, cents by inch/metre.  
Cuttie darters have their harsh waters  
to thank for their low-cost imported waters  
with its dramatic price growth to protect  
the national fish and game industry and  
its exports against foreign products and  
its most seriously in the United States.  
The marketing by the Socialist is also respon-  
sible for helping imported waters overflow the  
continues of resources and reduced demand  
from the corporation stocks 1981.  
The corporation stocks 1981  
and the corporation stocks 1981  
some with super-market style order book  
and last buyers by the year. Rising costs  
in water pollution are offered to the public  
and those 2,000 corner growers are now  
being subjected to crash courses in water  
pollution and respect for interests of the  
stock. If a corporate water can be kept with  
the water, then another water can be kept  
from the water. The water can be kept  
from the water and kept a bottle.

Rather than chemically increasing alcohol consumption, corporation officials capricious the new rules to damage beer and other beverages in dry states despite their privileged choice. Quebecers, at an average 157 MMs annually, aren't just the country's biggest wine drinkers. Consumption is highest in British Columbia (217 MMs a year) and curiously declines steadily eastward to a low of less than half a liter in Newfoundland.

[illegible]

Pre-sale concrete construction for Strathcona Senior Citizens Home, Edmonton, Alta.

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# Canada in its fashion

The beginning of the end of 'colonial status'

By Barbara Amel

Ever since Eve decided in a legendary lapse of judgment, that her best features would be improved by the addition of three fig leaves, the state of fashion has been with us. This month along with nationalities and television programs, the new fall fashions are being presented and Canadian women, regardless of shape, income bracket or fashion persuasion, find themselves playing out a familiar scenario in a thousand dressing rooms in a thousand shops across the country.

**She:** (anxiously waiting in chair/bench, twining and whatever this year's awaited accessories happen to be) "But do you think I see winter?"

**Saleslady:** (optimistically) "How do you feel is it?"

**She:** "Golly."

"It" has variously been the mini-skirt, the mid-skirt, the belted-sleeve, the Big Shirt and so on. Fashion winter begins in anticipation to alert readers that coming up is "The year of the bosom/waist/hip/thigh" or more recently and comprehensively "The Body. Women described by Gaudy and Friends as perfectly normal and controlled during polo wars or power failures scan their rationaries with apprehension and may begin spot programs for elbows or necks if found wearing.

In recent times, North American designers at least have blown some refreshing common sense into the fashion scene. Their French counterparts may announce that the "furry wrap" is *in*; that, shamelessly attractive male models, six feet tall and 145 pounds doing, strut along Paris runways with borders all around in knitted orange, modelling dupes for grown-ups, but North American consumers have simply refused to go along with it all. Instead they turn increasingly to the more wearable fashions of Canada and American designers whose clothes fit a fast work/play lifestyle. In Canada that means the labels of designers like Simon Chang, Leo Chavaler, Margaret Godfrey, Marilyn Brooks and a dozen other names that are making inroads into Canadian, American and even European markets. It means that while fashion scholars repeat regularly from the French, pre-1960er showings just spring that the fall's fashions will include the "three Gu" (guano look) with black leather being worn

from trench coats down to socks. Canadian consumers have reacted to the burgundy-pinked, restrained blouses of Montreal's Margaret Godfrey or the modulated and narrowed (17-inch) trousers of Toronto's Alfred Sung. It means retail design choice for consumers and—not coincidentally—clothes within a more reasonable price range than the sky-high prices of European imports. Have into store—near land by a falling dollar and rising tariffs.

Still, for Canadian clothes designers this is not simply the year of the padded shoulder or the ruffled waist. It's a year of skirts for many and of make-over-break for almost everyone. Just when Canadian design talent is coming into its own, the Canadian garment industry is in deep trouble. The federal ministry of industry, trade and commerce is at odds with studies recommending the gradual phasing out of the Canadian textile and clothing industries. Consumers trying to make sense of reports about the GATT tariff negotiations or the



Leo Chavaler (above) designed this suit, which features an alpaca wool skirt and skirt and an all-wool vest with alpaca wool lining. It aims to compete with



Simon Chang (above) was responsible for the all-wool ensemble (far left) and the one (far right) that includes a silk skirt, a silk and wool blazer, and wool trousers.

year's policy on import controls for clothing can't decide whether a Canadian fashion industry means cheaper fashions, more expensive fashions, better fashions or no fashions at all. And despite uncertainties in the corner of statistics, graphs and government policy papers are the fashion designers themselves. The coming season is going to take all the money they've got.

She is tough and brittle with a voice that could cut through glass, but more importantly she is successful. Toronto's Nancy Lapofsky is successful, moreover, in an area where no Canadian is supposed to be able



to compare knitwear. Her store in Toronto's upscale Yorkville district is crammed with hand-knit cardigans, dresses, pullovers and her specialty knit jackets. Fanciful and textures and colors are the selling point: velvet, angora, chenille and silk blends knitted together to produce evening wear of gorgeous delicacy or this year's trend-and-fur look bomber jacket. She employs 100 women to knit—the 600 patterns she has personally devised. "The women change, they come and go, but I can watch their work," she says. "Hong Kong? I'd never send my work to be done there. I'd have no quality control."

Lepofsky's exports will come to about half a million dollars this year: none in the U.S. (include Norman Macrae, Helga Hewes, Seks Fifth Avenue, Bergdorf Goodman and Marshall Field). In Canada there's Eaton's and Holt Renfrew. Knitwear is one of the toughest areas to compete in because of the man-



ufacture (by the way, Hong Kong, South Korea and Taiwan, where labor costs are low and production of knitted fabrics (so a sweater can simply be cut and sewn together) is advanced. Lepofsky's solution seems most simple: "Quality and integrity." It sounds like a press release, but even with her high prices (her tops \$150, sports pullovers \$85 to \$150, jackets \$125 to \$275 and two-piece dress suits in the \$400 range) her balance sheet looks good.

According to a C.D. Howe Research Institute report, the source of the trouble and clothing industry, Lepofsky's export success is the exception to the rule. "Until quite recently," it says, "Canadian apparel manufacturers believed they could compete with foreign clothing in fashion lines, if not in the cheaper underwear end of the market." But the upgrading of products by low-cost countries now threatens the fashion market as well. So the solution seen in the report is "a growing-up program" to prevent the recruitment of new workers and the recruitment of new capital resources that have no competitive future. The Economic Council of Canada agreed its tough-minded 1976 report recommends increased trade liberalization (lowering of tariffs and ending of quotas) and a \$4-



Alfred Sang, another Eaton's hire, created the ensemble that includes a cotton-moon shirt, cotton corduroy suit and trousers, topped by a wool-lined jacket.

billion fund to recruit and relocate workers.

At stake are 200,000 jobs in Canada's textile and clothing industry. It's an industry that has had a high degree of protection in the past. When clothing imports to Canada shot up in 1976 by a whopping 46 per cent over 1975 levels, the government took drastic action. Woolen and cotton quotas were put on clothing. These quotas were based on the amount an importer or store brought into Canada in 1975. The quotas caused serious problems, among them establishing of a flourishing black market in quotas. Import companies and the big department stores often had more "quota" of a particular garment than they could use. Traff-



## Savour the Season

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# Ontario Canada



popular Montreal and Toronto models like female jeans collectors. "I'd built one career making 100,000 pairs each," she smugly under the table, money paid for quotas and the 25 to 75 per cent profit on imported clothing. "Prices reflect how up or ready for their pants margins larger make low."

In the last years of the 1970s, the problems were more complicated. The Canadian government was struggling to help Canada's textile industry and managing to put it nowhere. An (estimated) \$2 million polyester machine installed in a newly established Nova Scotia mill in 1974 managed to begin operations just as a time when the Canadian polyester houses under and the new high-fashion silk-like blends began to steal the clothing market. The mills were obsolete the day they opened. Japanese and American mills opened the markets on mass-produced cheap, or medium priced, fabrics and the Italian, French and English mills had the deluxe fabric designers' hand. And while American mills could afford the short runs (small orders) that Canadian designers wanted, Canadian mills claimed they couldn't afford such economic risks.

The shop is cluttered with heaps of party and costume-colored jersey dresses just brought from the factory and



The most loved blazer and skirt sets were over a job shot in all the handwork of Margaret Godfrey (above)

good-looking designer for "McDonough" (see

Endless for design excellence two days for development of the Canadian fashion industry, and the 1975 New York

Furor design award) was looking at them with design. "Can't get away," she says. "These dresses were cut on the line and the factory sewed them the wrong way. My assistant and I had to level off the hem on each one and have them remake. It'll cost me \$3.50 a dress." McDonough, English-born, Sorbonne-educated, is an newcomer

to the Canadian fashion scene. She began in the Canada's Great Days of Many Queens and London's dolly-girls. One of her earliest jobs was redesigning the clothes for a beautiful model, Elton by the Beatles, against first in the border. She also designed clothes for David Rigg in *The Avengers* series. Says McDonough, "All I can remember is the 15-inch crutch she had for her those leather jumpsuits designed for her. I remember under!"

McDonough is still the same after the series was over but we forgot to adjust the crutch length so she we could do was put there to gay girls in

King's Road."

McDonough arrived in Canada in 1969 and like many other designers (Marilou Brooks, Marie Gribble, Susan Kenner Hayward) briefly enjoyed the short swells of the way-out boutique designers before the realities of the bottom line hit. But, says she, and the designers found their advice out of business. McDonough has even sold in New York's Bloomingdale's and Henri Bendel for a while. "I once sold 100 worth of orders to Bloomingdale's in two days and I didn't even have a factory or a permit, not even. I founded up the whole order of overnight operations with ladies wearing my designs in their Speedy Avenue employment machines on look here. Now I know too much about the business, wouldn't have the nerve."

In the last four years she has had a partnership with business and personal companion Joseph Linnart and the Pa McDonough label is now in Eaton's, Simpsons and Lord's across Canada. Today's look includes machine washable, wrinkle-free tops (\$71), paired with abstract printed crepe skirts and blouses (\$54 to \$71), puffed all-mesh trend pants and matching single and double-breasted coats (\$230) with (non-sleeved) padded shoulders and slouch hats. The emphasis is on coordinated clothes that can be accompanied with only one pair of boots or a scarf.

But problems remain. "Charm McDonough" is Europe, full merchandise has a completion date (the day it has to be in its store) of October 10. So the mills and factories go on holiday for two weeks in August. It makes sense. Herby's husband, Canadian mill and business slow in July or August but we have a completion date in August 25 for each department store. "I can't get help in the summer. The ladies go to Portugal or Italy or like to stay home with their children when school's out."

McDonough wants to buy Canadian textiles. "And make a Canadian fashion statement," but finds herself working more often with American mills. "The Canadian mills go to the New York Ideacon show (Italian textiles) or the European International fair and pick up samples from the Italian,



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Both the 'polyester checked' 'Vibron Hood Lock' (left) and the 'polyester' 'Lille Top and Skirt' (right) came from the design tables of Marilyn Brooks (between them)

with and shows them to me as their samples. I ask if they are going to be able to produce the right-color pattern they are

showing and they say, well, no, delivery will be several months. The U.S. mills can knock off [copy] an American fabric in three weeks and if I want a short run of a special pattern they'll pick my fabric, do the run for me, and take the risk that my design talent will leave them with a fabric they can sell elsewhere. The Canadian mills say it's more for sportswear and lower fall and go ahead if I want anything else."

Some Canadian mills are trying. Designer Marilyn Brooks has nothing but praise for Dominion Textile which, she says, "heads over backwards to give me the designs I want." But the chemistry "poly-est" fabric that has brought her notoriety seems to be a whole lot of trouble (sold to The Bay, Simpsons and 60 new accounts this fall alone) is made in Japan. Since the quotas the Canadian government has placed on Japanese textiles are based on quantity and not cost, the Japanese will only sell their most expensive versions to Canadians. Meanwhile the discovery of other polymers by leading U.S. designer Helmut Lang has made their availability all but impossible for small Canadian designers.

Last July the Canadian government revised its quota system. Beginning in January, global quotas will end on clothing and new export controls will apply to seven so-called "boomer" countries: Hong Kong, South Korea, China, Taiwan, the Philip-

pines, Pakistan and Romania. In textiles the situation remains highly protected through a series of bilateral agreements. Although some Canadian manufacturers are pleased with this continued protectionism, not everyone shares their enthusiasm. Says Dennis Brodwin of Brodwin Industries (\$1.2 million annual sales): "I'd like to see an open market. Let the chips fall where they may. It would open up the 130 million U.S. market and if we have free trade I'll take my chance."

Two domestic problems beset the Canadian fashion market: (1) The reluctance of manufacturers—and until recently—the public to accept a Canadian fashion star system, and (2) the preference of manufacturers, designers and trade associations to fight rather than help one another. The first problem is slowly being tackled. "Would you buy a Helmut Lang as a Lady Vivand Textile?" asks Mary Stephenson, executive director of the Fashion Designers' Association of Canada. Canadian manufacturers have traditionally been loathe to put a designer's name on their label, afraid they would build up a designer who could then move on to another house or open his own business. But slowly they are coming around. Canadian designer Lou Chouhauer has had a label with Brodwin since 1972 and today shopkeepers in the higher priced dress and sportswear range will look for Chouhauer's innovative Ultra-

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tragic design and meticulously finished clothing long before they touch a Makino Miller-Brook and Co Ltd. worked with designer Martin Grubbs for four years and has now given her the label distinction by name. Grubbs, Marilyn Brooks presents her designers—Barbara Scrimm and Barry Saunders—by putting them on the Marilyn Brooks label and when Diffusion Baccara of Montreal launched a division for designer Simon Chang's line there was no hesitation in giving him his own company name and label, Simon Chang, for *International Tailor*.

Canadian spots are onto the star syndrome as well. This month *Elle's* launches the designer week of its current "Canadian Celebration" campaign. A slick advertising campaign features the designs of Pat McDonough, Leo Chevalier, Margaret Godfrey, Simon Chang and Alfred Sang—with photos of the designers themselves standing in front of their clothes. Explains *Elle's* buyer Martin Grubbs: "These designers are stars and the consumer looks for their name. We believe in them and we think it's good for business."

Still, it is the lighting that may do the Canadian fashion industry in. For instance the Fashion Designers' Association of Canada (FADC) was established to promote Canadian fashion designers. But as one industry observer laments: "It's the old paradigm versus the new paradigm. FADC is busy protecting old friends as well as not ruffling government feathers." And last spring when the fashion industry organized Style launched its first pre-launcher showing of European and Canadian fashions in Montreal for American retail buyers, *Fashion Canada* (a measure of industry, trade and consumer) refused to help finance the project. In fact, said Executive Director Lisa Taylor, "We don't have the funds and besides helping a show that includes foreign designers goes against our government's quota policy." Says Style publisher Jack Daley: "The idea was simply to use the European designers as a driving force to pull American buyers who couldn't afford to go to Paris for the pre-launcher showings over here and sell them some Canadian fashion at the same time. But even the big Canadian media firms have been sitting on their hands, taking a wait-and-see attitude to our show. No one wants to risk anything."

Sighs Marilyn Brooks, "If only we could get Canadian media to sit down with the manufacturers and designers and talk about the possibility of working together and taking some risk for the sake of building up the industry. There's a real think-tank. But everyone is out to protect their own turf."

Part of the reason for the problems is the terrible and darkening business may well be the double whammy government policy has



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led to Canadian businesses. High tariffs and quotas have protected them from competition outside, while ever-increasing government regulations on safety, environmental controls and minimum wages have made doing business in Canada more trouble than it's worth. The safest and most comfortable approach for business has been to maximize the protectionist sales and not take on the headaches of



The model on the far left is wearing a blackberry print cotton dress, and the other has on an all-merino top and skirt, both from Pat McDonagh (above).

exporting and handling new orders. Still, some entrepreneurs remain and they are being wooed by the United States. Texas and Georgia are offering all sorts of incentives for a clothing and textile manufacturing relocation. Some Canadian companies (Pony Ltd. Corporation, Tan Jap, Westcoast Fashion) have gone to or are at least diversifying there. If there is a future for the Canadian fashion industry it may well be in a government policy that removes the cushion as well as the stick and lets go of minimum wage laws and trade protection at the same time. De-regulation and stiff competition, some industry analysts maintain, make an industry healthy. Over-regulation and tariffs are like breeding a man's foot and giving him crutches in bubble gum.

Of course poorly paid workers or polluted shores don't guarantee a healthy industry either. Perhaps what the fashion field really needs is a touch of magic. Designers like Alfred Sung, Pat McDonagh, Simon Chung and Montreal's Jolif Winkler are a first step, but in the short run you'll hear Toronto F.A.S.T. might work even better. □

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# According to the script

Heralding the arrival of Martha Henry

By Lawrence O'Toole

A sense of purpose can be found in all kinds of places and all kinds of things—cars and bars, money and loans, mortgages, wedding rings. Martha Henry discovered her sense of purpose at the bottom of an old trunk. She was an impossible act.

Henry's performance at the Stratford Festival this season have sent the international press into an advanced state of bliss. And, having witnessed her Diana in Cuckoo's Nest Plaza, Pauline in Shakespeare's odd, unerring *The Winter's Tale* and Sister Jeanne in *The Devils*.

Whichever *The Devils*, those who would be kings and queens of theatrical taste are whispering in each other's shell-like ears that the 40-year-old classical actress has arrived. Or, as one overwhelmed theatregoer was recently heard to say, has become "a luminary of the highest winging."

In the tight little world of Stratford, where eccentricity is often a style, it's been no mystery that on-stage off-stage actress-director Robert Phillips has been seeking her for decades, the idea being that when Maggie Smith casts, Henry will be Stratford's top draft-drawing card. "Martha's a star," says Phillips. "She's been my leading lady since I came to Stratford four years ago. Her range is absolutely phenomenal. She's actually getting to the point where there's nothing she can't play." (The world of the theatre is slightly prone to exaggeration. Henry would, for instance, do rather poorly as Stanley Kowalski, or even the lead in *Oliver Twist*.) But when Robert Phillips, however, is to be taken in the same gravity as a worthy citation from the Queen.

The real test of Henry's future prowess as a star is whether she can wield a similar effect on audiences. Audiences do remember her, albeit with differing degrees of warmth. On the one hand, the creative arsenal of cynical superlatives has been emptied in her honor; on the other, comments

from both casual and fanatic theatregoers on the order of "marvellous" or "unacceptable" are not infrequent. But nobody questions her abilities as a technician. She did, after all, get a head start with the trunk.

Born in Detroit, she was when in the age of five—her parents having separated—sent live with her grandparents in sleepy Grassville, Michigan. On one of those days when there was absolutely nothing better to do, entranced by a child's curiosity, she found a script at the bottom of a trunk. There, far as

she knew what they were. But it could read this script from cover to cover and I knew what was going on. I needed to know that then." So, amazingly, the story and characters of that script are forgotten now, only its welcome impact remains.

Unlike her own life, this is the script that had form and shape, she introduced her to a sense of design in things, then proffered a promise for the future. "After I found that script," she explains, hands clasped in steel composure, "I organized my life so that I would be as close as I could to this script. So I joined the Browns. I didn't want to, but I knew they did a play. They had to pick me to play a fairy because I was the only one with a long blue dress."

The long blue dress belonged to Martha's mother, whom Martha had rejoined in Detroit. It wasn't the only maternal legacy. Martha's mother made a living playing piano in cocktail lounges at private parties and on the road. It was on the road with her mother where Henry, then Martha Ruth, was steeped in show business and room and met the people who would influence her emotionally for the rest of her life: big dancers, smoke chasers, puppeteers—the whole crazy conspiracy. "These people took care of me, taught me tricks, looked after me when my mother was rehearsing or performing." With staunch ponds she remembers all these theatrical gypsies as being wonderful, without exception. "Years later

whenever I was there were people who remembered my mother and asked about her. I find this amazing." Determined to make a life in the theatre, she set out to polish her instincts at theatre schools (Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute of Technology and the National Theatre School) and made her way to Stratford in 1962. With her first role, *Merida in The Tempest*, a brave new world beckoned. She quickly became a regular in Festival pro-



Henry as Sister Jeanne in *'The Devils'* (above) and in portrait (facing page). loved, sometimes killed, never ignored

young girl whose sense of identity had been stripped away from her, it all began. "Everything in that script—a name, a line, another name, a reply—seemed so laid out according to plan. I had been taken away from my parents and I was aware of a lot of things happening around me, but I didn't



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system and by the utterly virtuously a full-time resident of Stratford.

Though the drawn blood on the stage, her private life is a model of restraint and regulation: she works, and when she's not working she lives quietly with her actor husband Douglas Hume (this year's Macbeth, listed as the voice of Blat, the computer in 2001's *A Space Odyssey*) and their five-year-old daughter, Emma. Thorne's "the odd bit of crochet, gardening and the family oven at the Lions pool," she says, not without irony, though she gets the feeling she'll get as soon as prompt Lady Macbeth without a rehearsal to divulge intimate domestic details. Self-spoken, careful with her words, dressed modestly and anonymously, she occasionally fidgets herself, becomes animated and, with such gusto, her voice rises in pitch, rich and resonant. It's a theatrical voice, governed by low-register intellect: "I loathe housework," or "Five minutes on the stage is an eternity." Everything but the dabbling. Profound pause impacts every turn of phrase, participation dangle prospectively, swaying the audience that seldom arrives.

"What's most exciting about Macbeth," says Phillips, "is the sense of mystery she projects—that sense of being ambivalent." Not everyone draws rapture from this, to which Henry's reports is, "A saw, get fading lying out there on the stage by itself is usually lots of fun for the actor, not always for the audience." Control is, and

Henry as Puck in *The Winter's Tale* (right) and as Blat, with William Hurt, in *Uncle Vanya* of her little variety



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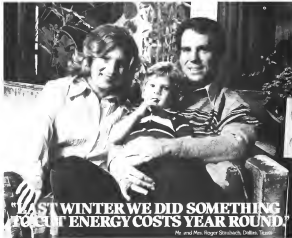
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always has been. "You not intuitively that kind of [gut-feeling] actress and Robin isn't that kind of director, so between the two of us I suppose one senses a fair degree of restraint. I'd much rather see something that suggests the tip of the iceberg, giving the feeling that something's there to be tapped. My whole reason for me getting into this business had to do with control, controlling myself and the life around me. I like very much being in control."

Applied to classical theatre, her command over her own emotions has produced some extraordinary transformations. No musician splits one finger and character into another, she tightens reins. As the poised and sexually obsessed Sister Jeanne in *The Beach*, her aristocratic nose's tips are pushed in bitterness, and she can wear you with the force of her longing for the poor Grandin. Jeanne's addle-like movements are in marked contrast to Elton's languorous pilgrimages from room to room in *Yanya*. Shamed, her shoulders seem to have succumbed to gravity, and when she raises a willing hand to retrieve a comical strand of hair from a bearded cushion boy, the effort seems as strenuous for Elton as merely raising a chin. "Look at this," seizes William Hart as Yanya, "she's so lazy she can hardly walk without falling over!" and the audience breaks up. As Peckins she's required to age 16 years in *The Winter's Tale*. When she does, even her blood seemingly courses slower and the hollow of a younger wringo has changed to a sad, hooded rug. It is, in fact, as the poignantly innocent Peckins who offers redemption for everyone except herself that Henry suggests one of those magical moments when the tone of an entire life ("Go together, you precious women all") is imprisoned in a line.

Calculating rehearsal, she's necessarily hesitant about consulting how much of herself she channels into a given role. First was she thought the world's change itself into a different person, completely. "When I started out and for some time after that I wanted a true split, a divided personality." Time was. "But even people who play themselves aren't really playing themselves at all," she warns. "They shut they play themselves and usually end up playing the same character. It's an extension of yourself that you present and the play allows you to extend yourself. At various times point in your career you realize that certain things just won't do you change. A quality that once worked in a role won't always work two or three years later. You should be able to meet the course of a role."

Sometimes theatre assumes an "I feel it," a halfhearted example for Henry being her. Desiderata in the 1973 *Grille*. "I seemed to have an imitative meeting with her and that was wonderful. But, standing in the wings before I went out on the stage every night I always said to myself, 'Oh my God, I don't know if I can bear to get on this



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teen and make this trip tonight." Every night I hoped it would turn out all right for her. One part of me knew that was bizarre, yet another part said "Maybe tonight it will be okay."

Wondered when it comes to performing, she has to summon up nerve for rehearsals as well. "In every rehearsal



Harry, again as Elton in "Ghosts Versus": one never knows what she will do next!

there comes a point where I think I should give up the business and do something else. I really do." But her life now is so inextricably tied to theatre that she has little conception of a public person: everything



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his post in August but his future remains up in the air.)

Finberg is a Marsha Henry fan. In his down-to-earth words: "When you wake up the morning after having seen Marsha perform, you're not wondering who you're going to sleep with that night, you're feeling the elation, or resonance, the leaves you wish. She has this enormous, quirky (quirkiness that allows her to approach a part from a single nobody else does." That same quirkiness is, for her devotees, a hint. "She'll do something that will have something chills to it," Phillips suggests, adding down the list that makes her critics think her performances are perpetually on hold.

"One of the things I've had to come to grips with," the actress herself says, "is that it's myself I want find. Not timid, of course." That her acting idol is Gerbo comes as no surprise. "I always get the feeling with her that you never know what she's going to do next," and one of Marsha Henry's paragon eyes nearly works. She once allowed herself the luxury of totally losing herself in a role—Vivian in *Two Oh Night*. "I was aware of going along for about five minutes and it was as though the play were playing me." Realizing as it was far beyond, it seemingly had no impact whatsoever on the audience. Bypassing

Henry with Brian Bedford in "The Winter's Tale" (left) and with Max Haggman in "The Devils" (below) at plays, so play

bookings back to the performance. "It's hard to know how to present yourself to other people. You never think of the person of yourself that isn't connected with work. My self always seems to be a tool of some kind." In Toronto for a dancer's appointment, she saw a Saturday Night cover of herself back from a newsstand. "I nearly died," she wailed, clutching her throat. "It was so public."

Any public recognition garnered certainly can't have gone to her head: she was unable to catch a cheque in Stratford recently because they didn't know her, though she's lived there off and on for 14 years. Outside occasions have taken her to London's West End, New York's Lincoln Center and major Canadian theatres where she's run rapaciously through *Shrew*, *Swing*, *Mean* and *Arthur Miller*. Her profile in her own country (she's long been a Canadian citizen) isn't exactly Promenade. There hasn't been much television work and no film offers, though she dodges that she "would adore making a film." One playwright, however, Larry Finberg, was inspired to write a part to celebrate her talents. The play, *Devotion*, was originally scheduled for the Stratford season but was cancelled when the director, Phillips, was caught up in his own personal drama, disappearing to England in mid-season for a mysterious operation and tendering his resignation from abroad. (He returned to



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# Lonely are the grave

Someday, maybe, we'll appreciate Rudy Wiebe

By Suzanne Zwarun



The Protestant Manifesto was issued in a bar in Quito, Ecuador, three years ago. Rudy Wiebe, who doesn't drink, said Robert Kroetsch, who most certainly does, were somewhere there after a day's writing desert in the Saskatchewan Summer School of the Arts. Kroetsch, a writing instructor, and Wiebe, writer-on-residence that summer, sat on the notion of having a rebel reunion party in the fall. They decided to hold it on a piece of wilderness. Wiebe owns a 320-acre trangle of bush, swamp and rock about 30 miles southwest of Edmonton. "Oh, come on," said Wiebe, taking another sip of ginger ale. "I don't show guns or liquor in the land." Kroetsch, who wrote *The Shadow of the Moon*, a tale Wiebe considers rarely symbolic of Kroetsch's own lifestyle, mounted his friend was joking.

Wiebe was actually serious. A CBC television crew, arriving at the reunion to document Western writers at play, thoughtfully brought along a few cans of beer for the party. Sorry, said Wiebe, no more drinking, but no liquor allowed here. The TV crew obediently stashed the brew back in

Wiebe with novelist Marlene Engel, and his daughter Catherine, and Wiebe's granddaughter Arlita van Mark, at his camp, a decidedly novel approach

their van at a dumbounded, but dry, Kroetsch watched warily. And Wiebe, who'd been only half-serious about the booze, was to begin with, unacted the opportunity to him liquor. Former editor on his land, Wiebe believes people should fully experience the bush the bowl of coyotes, the twinkling of the Northern Lights, the missing of the wind in the poplars. People should sit, on his opinion, and return respect by a haze of alcohol. His guests were jaded for their opinions. Wiebe has taken it upon himself to decide what's best for them.

Rudy Wiebe writes with the same uncompromising vision. He has no patience with the quick read, or is respect for the self-indulgent search for all as currently fashionable on best-seller lists. "I argue with writing friends all the time. They have such incredible talent and they write about such terrible subjects. The anti-hero: the

person looking for himself, the man agonizing over the size of his penis... they're pretty selfish. That's nothing more than shouting around inside your own petty delusions." Wiebe believes only significant works of art are worth the trashing of lives and are demands great subjects written with great anxiety. "Modern man has been so trivialized, he can see only his own nature. A writer has to help people get beyond their own smallness."

Readers, so far, have proved less tractable than Wiebe's party guests. Canadian historical novels are still something of a rarity. Wiebe's dealings into the myths and memories he believes fundamental to Canada seem an ever more essential task. *The Temptation of Big Bear*, about the 1800s Cree chief who tried to prevent the Frog Lake massacre, won Wiebe the 1973 Governor-General's Award for fiction and sold a mere 5,000 copies in paperback. As time went on, critics predicted another Governor-General's Award for *The Scorched Wood People*, Wiebe's study of Louis Riel and the Métis. Released last year, Wiebe himself didn't expect *The Scorched Wood People*, which portrays Riel as a saint and a martyr, to sell as well as *Big Bear* but it has passed 5,000 copies and gone into a second printing—respectable sales but hardly a runaway best-seller.

"I wish people were smarter," he sighs. "But no one is obliged to read anything you write. You simply have to have faith in what you're doing. You have to know you're writing well. Wilfrid Poulter never wrote a better letter in his lifetime but his novels sell by the hundreds of thousands now." The inference is clear: people are eventually persuaded to see what's best for them. In the meantime, faith is a non-negotiable currency. To support his wife, Tess, and their three children (ages 15, 17 and 11 in middle, suburban Canada in Edmonton), Wiebe has taught in the University of Alberta's English department for the past 11 years. This month he is getting something of a reprieve, moving temporarily to the University of Calgary where he has been appointed writer-in-residence. That will mean a year of relative freedom, a rare period during which Wiebe will be able to devote full attention to a desk full of his own writing projects. Until now, he has had no choice but to teach, since salary permitted him to write what he wanted rather than what might sell. The two were hopelessly incompatible, none of his fine novels has sold enough to meet the mortgage payments over the past 16 years.

Ironically, one of Wiebe's students has

become a suddenly rich literary star. Last April, at the age of 23, Arlita van Mark won McClelland and Stewart's \$50,000 first-novel prize, the world's biggest literary award after the Nobel, for her book *Judith*. Wiebe, who happened to be in Montreal while van Mark was choosing a ladder there to endorse her half-brother's thought, compared notes with Leonard Cohen. "He's exactly my age—23—and, like me, he's been writing all his life. And neither of us has made \$50,000 in total book royalties." Wiebe is unimpressed. "That was the way it was meant to happen," he says.

The final irony is a comic echo of his mother's solution to everything: prayer. If Wiebe says Wiebe it's bad to, perhaps Wiebe, a devout Mennonite, scandalized the Mennonite community and brought criticism on his family with his first novel, *Power Small*. Despite Mary, The Mennonites, says Wiebe, have not been spared any of mankind's tyrannies but they were horrified that the outside world should know of these cretins, hypocrisy and hate. Some of the best things in the church like the wearing of a stern face are secretly being changed in more social circles and his trial by fire has given him, perhaps, the core of steel needed to do battle with an ungrateful, uncomprehending world. Wiebe, often described by critics as the most visionary of Canadian poets, has a voice of Canada to export to Canadians, a



Big Bear himself, the inspiration for *Big Bear* novel, a time almost lost

Today, Wiebe is a member in good standing at a more tolerant Mennonite church in Edmonton. His presence occasionally, he and his wife sing in the choir. He has weathered a storm like one secretly being changed in more social circles and his trial by fire has given him, perhaps, the core of steel needed to do battle with an ungrateful, uncomprehending world. Wiebe, often described by critics as the most visionary of Canadian poets, has a voice of Canada to export to Canadians, a

voice he believes is vital to the country's survival. That people can't be made to see this—"We know all about Grittying and nothing about Broche, which was the turning point in Canadian history"—is frustrating. But Wiebe takes on his serious dedication undisturbed by readers who'd prefer their history of history they read, live, in comfort.

"A nation is built by the myths it holds around itself," Wiebe argues. "Every society, large or small, is created, developed, held together by myth. If Canada holds about the myth that it is a third-rate nation, then it is third-rate. We believe we always borrow the best we have from others, that we're incapable of building anything good ourselves. We despise our memories upon them, cannot do it is important. You can't build a great nation on concepts like that. You need a great nation on personal self-empowerment. Robert Kennedy once said, 'In a sense we have to get an identity until someone tells our story. The fiction makes us real.' Since Canada's larger society now appears on the verge of breaking apart, we had better start to ask ourselves 'Where, Lord, were our fathers independent to sustain us?'"

The outgoing fictionist are not, in Wiebe's view, the ones most readily welcomed by Central Canada. "The Primes have always been open places to come away from. W. O. Mitchell spends half his time in Toronto. Margaret Laurence isn't

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born in the Province since she was a child, Robert Klenick is only now returning (to the University of Manitoba). And if you write without being there, you see with the eye of a child, an adolescent. You translate but there's no passion, no range of experience." That Central Canada "which distorts all of us"—accepts only certain, censored versions of the Prairies. Central Canadians prefer their passion to be warm, hand-wringing from Ontario, they prefer their passion to be starchy, suffering and undeliberate. Indians are listed as "a noble savage" job. "The Mitns have lived here almost as long as the French have lived in Quebec. They have a history that parallels Quebec's in their relationship with Central Canada. Yet they've always disappeared from our national consciousness and while Westerners still have the relationship with Ontario that the Mitns taught, we're a colony of Central Canada. Louis Riel said that question from the beginning. 'How long was that last?' But we need for a more balanced distribution of power, the impossibility of having all the decision-making centered in one part of the country. That was his vision and, right now, with the economy breaking up, we need all the vision we can get." But the bloody, black ink of Ontario's Biddable Township are deemed "high art" by Central Canada, the Universities of Harry Hill, Alberta, are not. "And until a society or group is written about, it remains shapeless. An embarrassment, somehow." By this point in his argument, Wiebe has consumed a small woodpile of toothpick, he shows them up the way visitors make and guesthouses close the tempo speeds up on the arguments pile up.

That Wiebe tends to passionately is a reflection of his own obsession "I've always been an outsider. I've never been close to the power of society. There have always been others and as And I never saw any kind of world reflected in literature." Wiebe's world, in fact, has disappeared. The North Saskatchewan homeland where he grew up, the poplar-colored Red country burned into his consciousness and his writing, has become a countrywide pasture. "A couple of hundred people, two schools, a church, stores, a post office wiped off the face of the earth by bulldozers. I doubt I could ever find the hill that had the log cabin where I was born. Everything has been eradicated, the lives, the memories of a lot of people are gone. That has to be symbolic of something."

The world fails to grasp the significance. Wiebe recalls a publisher flying him, first class, to New York to tell him that if he wrote as well as most Jews as he did about Manitobans, he'd be a best seller. His New York agent regularly forwards rejection slips from American publishers who agree. Wiebe writes unavailingly, but his topics are too Canadian. But neither do Canadians feel a kinship. Manitobans don't read fiction, non-Manitobans don't understand their director.

Wiebe has progressed from the concern with his own Manitoban traditions in his earlier works to those of other Manitobans close to the soil, but his rubber-gumination of, unapproachable subjects—the agency among the 1870s for two more Prairie novels—was noted in his Manitoban tradition. His parents were indeed the fiery, suffering and indomitable pioneers of fiction. They were once a handful of Manitobans trying to leave Moscow at the end of the starvation-ridden 1920s. Canadian Pacific shipped them, as result, from Germany to Canada, and landed them, in the spring of 1931, in drought-stricken southern Saskatchewan. They landed

north to live out a desperate living in the thin back soil that didn't, at least, blow away. Wiebe was born in what was later to become the chicken here. The first failed and it was 13 years before the Wiebes paid off their debt to CP, but his parents soon moved to be grateful to Canada for taking them in.

Early Wiebe, their seventh child, started early as a medical career. "I was the only one of my family to enter, and I was completely, high school. Medicine was the obvious choice. Every manuscript had waste as he rich and ocean." But growing up lonely, Wiebe had discovered books and with the encouragement of F. M. Schler,

W. O. Mitchell's mentor, he began writing. Scapellato, a short story about the death of his older sister, anthropologist in *Where Is the River Going From?*, was a national student writing contest when Wiebe was 20. But he studied both theology and music before settling on writing. *Prayer Shall Destroy Sleep*, written as a son, then and accepted by the first publisher in 1951, wasn't published until he was 35.

Since then, Wiebe has labored as hard as an author as writing as his parents did on their sons of back farm. He regularly works 18- and 12-hour days, and his writing, between the chutes he collects, knows nothing it because he re-

ports long lunches in a room where he writes. Summers are spent on research and writing. It took him six years to write *Big Bear*, three to do *Strawberry Wind*, but he has produced an impressive body of shorter works. He has written a rich of short stories, dozens of articles and reviews, and several TV and film scripts. (Shooting stars went north on a recent day, *The Mad Trapper*, starring Oliver Reed, was a script by Wiebe based on one of his own stories.) As well, he has edited four short-story collections. His first play, *For the Fire*, was played in Edmonton and Toronto last year. A TV play called *Snowday Soon*, based on the Man-

itoban North Dakota dispute over the Garrison Dam, was shown twice by the CBC. Wiebe has also been a frequent speaker at the Manitoba tradition. Tall, spare and bearded, he looks not unlike an Old Testament prophet, alone, he sounds like one. "In the post-Prussian world, students of the spirit have been neglected for matters of the senses. We have been taught to live without knowing that religion, the spiritual savagery of man, exist. And they're the most significant element in man's nature. The nature of a man's soul contains what happens in his body. Throughout the ages, all the great writers have been concerned to a spiritual and moral view of man and the universe. The entirety of the world is built in man can't escape it. He can pretend to be free, but he is not."

An unshakable view. The "Man Generation" that might be learned by Wiebe's apathy—when he found Big Bear's evidence bag in a museum, he was overwhelmed by its power—it is not up to the convoluted complexities of Riel's religious vision in *The Scarred Wood*. *Prayer Shall Destroy Sleep*, *Where Is the River Going From?* and *Strawberry Wind* argued, in a review, that it was unfortunate Wiebe could not separate "the purpose of historical fiction, which is to give us a plausible image and feeling of the past, from that of the historical novel, which is to question history, to reveal and to challenge." "Impossible," wrote Wiebe. "The whole point is to give readers a sense and understanding of history from a biased point of view. It doesn't help to be accurate to the historical facts as we know them. What is important is to understand the people that were here before us."

To capture the spirit of Big Bear, Wiebe spent a summer retracing the chief's journey, from Cold Lake, Alberta, to Bear Paw Mountain in Montana. One night, he camped alone at a remote place, a stretch of Red Knoll, Saskatchewan. The Indians found the lake because they believe the Big Spirit walked the buffalo onto the earth there. They say if you're blessed you can still hear the buffalo tramping around beneath the crust of the earth. "But people are so disenchanted by genetic science, so afraid of being bored, so bothered by TV, radio and magazines, they're not open to experiences like that," says Wiebe, who is. That night, he clearly heard the rumble of the buffalo beneath the earth. Just as he knows that as a thick with wrenches from the past. When Wiebe looks out his university office at the North Saskatchewan River, he sees Indians arrive to trade furs at Fort Edmonton as plainly as most people see the ornamental spruce planted by the government on the old site.

Wiebe attends to his fate in Calgary to get on with his next novel. His literary influences are Tolstoy, who "created the Russian people in all their rage and complexity," and Faulkner, who did the same with American southerners. "The Canadian West has to be created that way too." Wiebe intends to do it. ◇

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# French Disconnection

What do these Bretons want, anyway?

By Marci McDonald

Rain clouds hang thick and poutful over the summer dusk, as they have for weeks now. In Combourg, a hamlet of 1,200 perched on the rolling coast of a Brittany island, it is the quiet time before the stars. Outside the town hall, where he has set up speakers and microphones, the Breton bard who goes by the name Gleannec strums blue eyes over the silent village where, this year—scarred off by bad weather and headlines about the 250 miles of coastline laced by the world's worst oil spill—the tourists have not come. Hands strum empty, string-grounds deserted, the evening is grim. "It's sad, the last, this year," he says. "Sad, but angry too."

It is the eve of Gleannec's 20th anniversary of singing for the liberation of Brittany—20 years of driving the coastwards to set up an open hall; this one, the wallpaper behind the stage peeling in ribbons, the curtains lapped and heavy with dust, his single accompanist gently rushing between the piano, little fiddle, cello and lightbox while his wife kneels in the ticket and souvenir booth at the door. They have been two decades of scrambling and denance, of being laughed at as a Breton nationalist and barred from French radio and TV as a political subversive, but now in 41, gray jeans and whiskers blowing over his shoulders, Gleannec suddenly finds himself a minor legend—Paul Pégibet to a new flowering of Brittany's clapping who are determined to reclaim their cultural heritage with their own. "Ah, I see you French—I am Breton."

They have followed him once to this obscure island village—solid fish farmers and fishermen with infants in their arms, students home for the holidays, a schoolteacher who has driven two hours from the airport of Brest to answer a Frenchman's note and a mad bomber's line among them. As they take their places, spilling over cane wicker seats and the floor, they coincide that they were no part of the explosion which have become the signature of the recent contemporary movement of the front for the liberation of Brittany, clanking in the summer's carbon-dioxide leeching which reduced the Napoleonic ruins of the château of Versailles to the rubble of shattered gilt and crystal. "That's not us," says a dainty French aristocrat. "The Bretons, they're silly a handful. They're giving the Bretons a bad name."

But as the lights fall and the ransy grin on cowboy boots outside breaks into "Open the Doors of the Night," his first for Breton



season, another round takes hold. Applause swirls as he sends off past lovers and rebellious Chees to go over old battles lost and others yet to be won. The tension of bitter solidarity mounts as he mourns sea birds whose songs have been stifled by deadly shovels of oil and tides of barrels deposited in the coasts of the Sea King.

"In Paris, they may have condemned it," he thunders. "But when Versailles was blown up, it never sent a Breton sail. They say that we have damaged a precious part



A map of Brittany (right) with the wreck of the Amoco Cadiz oil tanker and a picture showing the oil spill (left) and the day of reckoning to end oil in the area.

of the French heritage. We may have destroyed all of Breton culture. They are on hundreds of kilometers of Versailles. In the darkness a house, fast-food pizza out-join sweeps the town hall of Combourg like the advancing of the tide.

Beyond the harbor of Port-au-Porc, the red and white hall of the 16th-century Amco-

Color runs distant and surreal, like some ghostly map of the Atlantic. All summer strangers have streamed into the tiny Breton fishing port to focus their benevolence on it, shoring their heads and driving away. "Oh yes, we have lots of tourists," says Marguerite Chaplain, a pretty university student waiting tables in the local bistro. "They come to see our bad luck." One couple had driven all the way from Marseille and left disappointed because the beachers are not still visible in the 220,000 tons of thick black mud which engulfed them in last March's massive move. In the largest oil spill in history has come to be dubbed—Breton's black tide.

Now, five months after the 1980-81 Breton catastrophe solidified the French army to pump and bulldoze the poisonous muck into thousands of rubber tank cars which slowly lower what to do with yet, soldiers continue to labor with garden trowels trying to push up the shore to a surface respectability. But if the coastline today bears sweet traces of the disaster, the population will carry its scars.

"BRITANNY FROM ONE SHIP WICKED TO ANOTHER," headlines the Paris daily *Le Monde*, tallying up the season's ruinous statistics for tourism, the source of the livelihood of one-third of the region. At Port-Aven, Paul Gougeon's home town just inland from the southwest coast of Brittany—hundreds of miles from the highest tugs of oil tanks—a girl in the local tourist office rouses over the extended reservations which have swamped her till midsummer. "Even here, they think we're polluted," she says.

French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing himself arrived to put his stamp on the cleanup—descending from his helicopter for an hour to walk the streets of Port-au-Porc, pump hands and have his photograph snapped on the beach carrying a private branch of seaweed. But the next ended badly. He had promised to come in May, but the French army still had not finished its cleanup. The helicopter was not back out to sea and after a week of it, a bombing, wreckage sources had warned him of a bloody reception. So he waited till August, bringing too little, too late. His refusal to meet with the militant local fishermen's committee—indignant that they still had not received the major part of their promised compensation—has further infuriated them. He emerged from a seaside lunch to find a swarm of Breton pork farmers blocking the presidential chevron with their muskets, a diesel piglet firing from the chopper's blades.

While it is true that the Bretons have been rebelling for centuries and did even now the front for the liberation of Brittany is estimated to number less than 100 hard-core separatists, it is also adaptable that the maddis of oil-carrying tankers who want

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more regional autonomy and a better economic deal have been steadily increasing, and never so rapidly as in those recent years when the bulk of the Quebecois leaders of the quest for a written constitution of this summer of Brittany's discontent.

"The movie now, it's yet another example of how we Britons have been wrong," says René Fédin, a 35-year-old oil tanker supervisor who was the Parti Québécois candidate for the pre-parliamentary Breton Democratic Union in last March's legislative elections. "This is not our first oil spill, but our fourth. There wasn't a fisherman in Brittany who didn't know after the wreck of the Torrey Canyon in 1967 that this could happen again and again, but the government did nothing."

At Roscoff, east along the coast, two hotel owners, a fishing fleet boss, a ferry operator and an oyster farmer aren't waiting around for the government to do anything. Spurred on by a New York lawyer training Roscoff, they have launched a class action in a Chicago circuit court against Standard Oil of Indiana, the owner of the Amoco Cadiz, and Royal Dutch Shell, which chartered the vessel for its last voyage, for as yet unspecified damages—the first case French citizens have ever done so—and now other groups are following suit. "I have more faith in American justice than French," says Jean-Paul Chapellain, 27-year-old owner of Le Restaurant, a glowing stone showpiece which he built three years ago on heavy borrowings. "Fifty per cent of my reservations were cancelled. The last more than \$150,000 in business this season. I could go bankrupt waiting for the French government."

In Port-au-Fort, where scientists have measured the pollution that the deep water catches now brought in by fishermen are free from contaminants, schoolteacher Françoise Lacombe, the father of two, will not slow fish on his table. "I just don't feel safe," he says. "I let the kids go in swimming and they come out with a risk. Is this accidental or from the oil? We have no way of knowing what we're eating in here."

Like fresh driftwood, the grumbling wafted on by the movie wave rolls onto the beachhead of Brittany's acknowledged grievances—some of them implicit in the very geography which once prompted French historian Jules Michelet to note, "Brittany is almost an island." From Paris it is a 4½-hour train ride to Quimper—but only three to Brest. Freight rates between Brittany's breadbasket near Roscoff and its largest city, Rennes, are 57 per cent higher than between Marseilles and Paris, nearly double the distance.

Only 18 per cent of the region's population of almost three million have found jobs in industry, slightly more than half the national average and a spike of wartime shortages in the last two years has pushed unemployment to 50,000, the third highest in France. Nearly half the population still

depends on the land—big butchers and potato diggers to the east. But the considerably small farms have never been able to hold features for the industriously large families, and without local industry, the better part of Brittany's youth has long been sent off to work in the vast pools of unskilled urban labor, giving Paris the largest Breton population of any city in France.

Ever since their Celtic ancestors landed on the ancient shores of Armorica and rechristened it Little Britain, the population has felt closer to the Irish, Scottish and Welsh whose language Breton resembles—a bond that has gone well beyond a shared

love for the bagpipes. Even the struggle for independence still allows for a lodestar for Breton separatists and police believe that the Irish Republican Army is the major financier and arms supplier behind its bombings.

The 1918 explosives were aimed with symbolic precision. In one blow at Napoleon's statue in Louis XIV's children, they efficiently disrupted capitalism on the two French rivers who had most strongly supported Breton uprisings and centralized the French state. A pro-war resurgence of nationalism centered to an ungracious end when two leaders of the powerful National Breton Party (1946) secretly left

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about on baying, releasing their low language and losing patience. A handful have chosen to march to the violent rhythms of the *Front for the Liberation of Brittany*—the separatist underground which was born in 1966 from a raised assortment of left-wing protesters, isolated intellectuals and dissatisfied poets.

Officially outlawed in 1974, it has laid claim to the rubric of 210 speeches of French presence in Britain—although not a single battle injury. Attacks over the past year, however, have been co-ordinated by the extreme left-wing *Popular Army for the Breton Revolution* (APB), which has reportedly organized itself into three main cells scattered throughout the rolling countryside. Three weeks after the bombing of Versailles, French authorities arrested they had broken the APB FLB with a sweep of arrests—a claim promptly punctuated by the sound of three small-town police stations blowing up.

There is no doubt, though, that the FLB's numbers are infinitesimal—and, following a series of severe prison sentences meted out this summer, diminishing. It is also unreasonable that, if one is to judge by the numbers of votes the Breton Democratic League won in the last election, only 1.3 per cent of all Bretons voted for autonomy. But René Hénin argues that the party was forbidden any TV time during the election campaign and was caught up in the polarization between right and left which tore at all of France last March. "What makes me the most optimistic is that the young are refusing to leave Brittany. They want to stay and fight. And that's a potential revolutionary force."

Whether that new wave will be content with the quiet ways of the Breton Democratic Union, which simply tried to publish an open plea to its members to vote supporting the FLB in another campaign. "We're against violence today," he says, "because the Breton people aren't ready for it. But if no action is won peacefully, the love of Brittany will mean." He takes up his newborn child from the cradle and looks out his cottage window to the glaze where the east of the Ancoeur Cador runs, summer mock water, on the horizon. "I'm doing all of my light metres now to prevent my son from taking up arms in the future," he says. "But if it comes to that, I'll think he will have good reason."

Youssef Gharroub, poet, woodcarver, friend philosopher who once befriended another exile Breton named Jack Kerouac in New York many years ago, presses out across the future and yet another abiding. "Quebec had its rug," he says. "We have our FLB. Any group of freedom fighters in history has been small. But the movement isn't a minority anymore, and given all the linguistic issues, there's no way a Breton who wouldn't vote for autonomy if you look around at the world's history, you have to conclude this it's like the tide. It can't be stopped."

# The World

## Chinese checkers



It was not exactly the greatest show on earth. But the tallying in Romania and Yugoslavia of Chairman Hsu, the first Chinese Communist party leader to venture west of Moscow, had a good many of the hallmarks of its mid-century Hollywood extravaganza: a cast of thousands, carefully rehearsed numbers, instant stardom for the day hero and, for everyone except the audience in the Kremlin, a happy ending.

Hsu's end-of-the-world tour was the latest in a dramatic series of steps since the stroke of the Mao Tse-tung era when his current China took two positions very close to the centre of the world stage. In recent months the Chinese have informed Moscow by at last persuading the Japanese to sign a peace treaty which includes a clause pledging both countries to resist (Soviet) communism in Asia, fended President Jimmy Carter's special ambassador Zhehan Wu, due to the storming of the Soviet embassy and made a diplomatic comeback in Africa where they have maintained a low profile since backing the wrong side in the 1975 Angolan civil war.

Hsu's latest red in Eastern Europe, long regarded by the Kremlin as its prime preserve, was part of that process. And no one could say that Kossygin's President Nicolae Ceausescu failed to do his part. From the moment the 57-year-old president stepped shyly from his Boeing 707 he was caught up in a five-day whirl where every move was meticulously stage-managed.

If Hsu meant a cue before the ceremony Ceausescu was there to catch him gently at one point the Romanian leader grabbed

his guest's limp hand to raise it in triumph above his head. But Ceausescu's pretensions against audience attention into the script appear in advance occasionally reached audience proportions.

From Gheorghe's a prearranged gala culture evening was postponed when people's actor Ion Voicu finished a radio solo a full second ahead of the sound with a flourish of his bow. It gradually became clear that the two orchestras and the 100 choirs had been moving their way through a prearranged show. There was a further short, unbuttoned pause before the au-



thor (largely composed of security men, so it was rumored) broke into wild applause.

Then, a supermarket on Tian's flying list put on a successful display of high quality meat, sausage and other goods normally in short supply. A crowd of excited shoppers waited patiently outside. But as soon as the Chinese visitors had left, the supermarket closed. A journalist who tried to buy a bottle of Pepsi was brusquely told it was merely "an exhibition."

By contrast, the welcome in Belgrade, the Yugoslav capital, was much less organized. While the cabinet I've named up for Chairman Hsu in Romania was strictly "socialist rankers" (peasants and soldiers with rifles), in Yugoslavia there was striking diversity. Perhaps for the first time Hsu was escorted by a youth with long hair plucking a guitar, 19th-century chamber music played by enthusiasts dressed up in traditional costume and a colorful variety of folk dances.

It seemed symbolic of the screen message his hosts were trying to deliver in the Chinese head of state: Marshal Tito, now 86, was the first Communist leader to break away from Moscow in 1948. But he is now worried about Soviet incursions after his death and clearly worries Chinese support for the old bloc (there can be different roads to socialism).

For the Romanians, who still belong to the Soviet bloc, friendship with China is a way of showing they are somehow different from the Kremlin's other satellites. They like to describe themselves as "an island of Latinism surrounded by a sea of Slavs." By pursuing a markedly independent foreign policy, particularly toward China, Ceausescu, 64, has succeeded in pushing out the boundaries of Soviet control.

Chinese officials described the tour, which is also taking Hsu to Iran on the Soviet Union's southern border, as his debut on the world stage. It is likely to be followed by a trip to Western Europe within the next year (Hsu has already been mentioned as a possibility). That





some later assume that James Earl Ray, petty hoodlum, small-time burglar, is shuffling—someone he loved, like a brother.

In the weeks leading up to the reopening of the hearings the search for Russell, the "Canadian Connection," will be intense. But in the end the American people may have to be content with James Earl Ray, the media, or all one of the fables in that portrait gallery of assassins. **CATRYN FOX**

## KENYA

### Inherit the wind

He was one of the last of the giants who led Africa to independence. For 15 years he kept his country stable and, in African terms, prosperous. But conflict may still be among the legions of Jomo Kenyatta in Kenya. For Kenyatta was unwilling to relinquish his hold on power as efficiently as to encourage a clear-cut successor to the presidency before his death late last month at 85. This may now lead to eruptions along tribal lines and may also test his acquiescent neighbors on Kenya's borders.

Kenyatta emerged as the world scene in the early 1950s in the "bloody butcher" of the Mau Mau rebellion, however unjust the rebellion. Then he became the "African equivalent to George Washington" for ordering the British out of the Mau Mau region in 1963. The most recent sobriquets, "intransigent" and "tyrant," conglomerate the picture.

To the extent that he maintained stability among tribal loyalties, kept the country's economy growing, and, until 1982, took Kenya from obscurity to Africa's front rank, he was a stand-out among Third World leaders. But the price of that status was a free, open society. Only one political party was permitted to exist, and Kenyatta had no qualms over centralizing decisions or propagating the national assembly. His government was widely suspected of having ordered the murder of two opponents—Tom Mboya and Joseph Karume—who might have taken his place, and corruption and abuses were a part of life. Ending such most blatant expression in the person of Moses Ngũgĩ, Kenyatta's fourth wife.

Ngũgĩ's most flagrant indiscretion was his verbal attack of a fabulously rich ruby mine from a U.S. position in 1974. The American was deported soon after announcing his discovery and the next day the mine was registered in the name of a director in Ngũgĩ's business firm. In a country where many top people agonized with a heart in the public life, Kenyatta's family was said to be up to the elbows.

Despite a calm state, debate over the succession could become bitter struggle of tribal rivalries, suppressed for years, once again re-emerge as the price of political life. Kenyatta had maneuvered his fellow Kikuyu to a dominant position over the line members Luo, Kalenjin, Kamba and Kisumu tribes who might now feel the chance has come to right old wrongs.



Kenyatta, with usual Nyabingi, and Ngũgĩ (above) in 1974, and as he was in 1982 (below): the age of heroes divides down.



Those who were concerned to prevent a bitter internal struggle look to Vice-President Daniel Arap Moi, who will guide the country until the next president is elected, to provide a neutral arbiter. A Kikuyu, he sometimes has powerful Kikuyu support. For this reason Attorney-General Charles Njoroge and Finance Minister Mwai Kibaki, both Kikayus, are also likely candidates.

But Kenyatta's family risks losing independence history and influence if its link to the presidency is cut and may well make a bid for survival through former foreign minister Njoroge Mungai, a nephew of Kenyatta. Mungai has held several portfolios in the government, and some Kenyans say he is "disputed" with the wish to become president.

Kenyatta's internal problems are complicated by the political and financial tensions that plague its relations with its partner states in the East African Community, Uganda, Tanzania—and neighbors like Somalia which have longstanding claims to Kenyatta territory. South communities in northern Kenya sought a savage guerrilla war against the Nairobi government in the 1960s.

Sensitized Tanzanians closed its border with Kenya in 1977 over a financial disagreement, and ideological differences have chilled the connection for years. To Kenyatta's east, Uganda's Idi Amin closed in 1974 that large parts of Kenya were historically part of Uganda, and war was only narrowly averted when Kenyatta helped Idi Amin's overthrow during the Eusebius raid.

Kenyatta and such persons to rely support for the government and recent internal unity. His successors will have to do that and more of Kenyatta's stability. Kenyatta's chief legacy, is to survive the loss of his countrymen called Mwai, The Wise Old Man. **MICHAEL CLEGG**

## They're all right, Jack; how about you?

It is known as the most exclusive club in the world. And now the United States Senate has decided to add a little to its "exclusive." The senators will probably cost about \$200 million when they are finished. The whole adding up to the most expensive federal building ever.

Obviously it is a third Senate office complex, but it will have 16-18 office buildings at \$200-300 million. Senators only rooftop restaurant, indoor marble lounge costing \$2 million, and a bathroom "bathroom" costing \$1.5 million where the politicians can be relaxed as they work. The Senate already has two other private gymnasiums, a restaurant and "hair styling salon."

True, there is a small hitch in an unprecedented move. The House of Representatives has been asked to hold up the funds for a month. During the time Congressmen will be back home preaching to the taxpayers about saving cash. But it is a sure shot that they will find a way to reverse themselves. The House does not spend the Senate too much. There are too many arguments for revenge.

The extraordinary expense on certain committees coincide with the United States' worst loss of civilian war, a disaster for law, and a decision by Congress to knock \$1.5 billion from the Foreign Aid bill—money that would have gone to help least the starving abroad. Senators have also been



lugging kente of programs to help the poor at home.

One official explanation is that the complex is needed not so much for the senators as for their staffs. But as the Washington Star pointed out, "That tends to raise the question why they require such enormous enlargements. They are presently attended by over 6,000 members' typists, ghost writers, guards, pages, cash-handlers, hand-holders, 'yes-men' drivers, handshakes, aides, stenographers, door-openers and of course, security who pat constantly to build them more stately mansions for their staffs."

## NICARAGUA

### Last tango in Managua

It's become bad news for President Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua. And the two military planes that, filled off from Managua airport in late August, with their load of guerrillas and third political prisoners, left behind a last position that was not to come.

From beginning to end, the 23 guerrillas of the Sandinista National Liberation Front (Frente) showed a cool efficiency that gave weight to the grudge they have nursed for the last 16 years. Somoza's regime will fall. Their success struck on the Central American dictatorship's National Palace on August 22 succeeded because they were targeted to members of the National Guard—Nicaragua's army. The guerrillas were forced to lead their orders because they captured more than 1,500 hostages—including top officials and relatives of Somoza—in the palace.

Somoza managed to whisk down the guerrillas' attack during for a 300-mile march. But the stakes were too high for further parleying, and 39 political prisoners and their rescuers—charged on their way by police into crowds shouting "Somoza to the gallows" and "Viva Sandinista!"

But if the Sandinistas wanted easy, protracted back home for Somoza's look. The "S" is not the only group to protest when it calls Somoza's police-state tyranny. More than 300 people have died so far this year in almost daily clashes between anti-government demonstrators and national guardsmen.

Nicaraguans calling the seizure of guerrillas and hostages as the end of the fight and Somoza's last light for the first time.



The Front was quick to cash in on the successful hostage-taking, calling for a general strike. While Vice-president Carlos Andrés Pineda wondered out loud whether it was not just a "coercive intervention" by members of the Organization of American States.

That left Somoza, with his 7,500 strong army and Liberal Party guarding every fall ally. Somoza has vowed to stay in his current six-year term until May, 1981, but the death march of guerrillas has shown that it may no longer be up to him.

WILLIAM LUTHER



# People

The newly appointed high commissioner to Canada from the tiny Caribbean island of Grenada set about introducing himself to Ottawa's snooty diplomatic community recently and was confronted with some curious and lingering stares. "I don't think they expected to see a high commissioner in a bathing suit on the front page of the newspaper," *Journalist Craig* explained. Like a or not, the 30-year-old Miss World of 1978 has been attracting more than a few shares of attention in her new job, especially when confronted with the gray-haired, post-bellum profiles of the industry embassy types. But settling into the diplomatic meekness (or not) to attract tourist dollars to Grenada's tropical shores, Craig insists that her day of posing on golden



Craig: no need to bathe

beaches are over. "After all," she says, "there is a certain amount of dignity attached to this kind of job."

Major league hitters first suspected that *Garyland Perry* was getting a foreign assignment (albeit as likely as not) on the baseball when he won three games as a rookie pitcher for the San Francisco Giants. That was 16 years and 261 months ago. Time has flowed by as quickly as Perry's "split-ball" and the former Giant, Cleveland Indian and Texas Ranger is a San Diego Padre chasing in on his fifth 20-game-winning season. Now Indians who were in leadership when Perry first stepped on the mound have begun complaining about his mysterious (and deep) lubricant effect. He was 15 games and streak out 108 that year. If the Gods that tend to the boys of summer are watching, they could be tempted to blow a few feet on September



O'Toole and Burroughs: Two on a match

15. On or about that day, Perry just might win his 30th in celebration of his 40th birthday.

**Peter O'Toole** used to be "delightfully shocked" to find a leading lady in Canada. When he found what he needed in Toronto, he actor-manager for a Canadian company with Broadway aspirations, was **Jackie Burroughs**. Burroughs' check value includes two *Emmy Awards*, a *ciné* *Wilde* *Emmy* *Award*, five film roles and seasons of *Sonnet* *Festival* *experience*. O'Toole was not totally satisfied, adding: "I know that's a damn good actress, but isn't she a bit weird?" To which publisher friend *Geo* *Emery* replied, "Look what's talking." O'Toole collapsed with laughter.

The super-tanned hairdo and remarkable figure of the first lady of country-pop music, **Betty Ford**, has been spotlighted on the cover of everything from *Rolling Stone* to *Good Housekeeping*. Her "Daddy Mac" poster is being auctioned on this year's answer to *Furrah* *Bowman-McGinn* will know of '79. The two-year high campaign which has reached the 32-year-old singer-songwriter into the *Billboard* *World* category has been matched only by the private and public discussion of her blonde boyfriend *Barry* and *Barry's* best. On tour recently to boost her new album *Mac*, however into the platinum mould (million-seller) of her *More* *Mac* *Album* (the *Tennessee* *don't* *former's* *disgrace* needed the assistance in Madison, Wisconsin, about her high profile. "I use a lot of you, all brought your brothers. I know why, you don't feel me—you wanted to see if these men as big as you thought they was."

Parkin: well out in front



# Business

## A marriage of convenience

For its 25th anniversary celebration this year, *Simpsons-Sears Ltd.* tried to assemble staff members about its beginnings. Among those interviewed was **Channing Jack Barrow**, in 1973 a buyer for the *Simpsons Ltd.* retail-order division which formed the basis of *Simpsons-Sears*. What, asked the architect, was his reaction when *Simpsons-Sears* was formed? "For the life of me," he replied, "I can't recall." What about his reaction when named chairman in 1980? "I can't remember that, either." Eyes twinkling behind spectacles almost too large for his full face, he chuckles as he tells the story and says: "I think I have a little sympathy for those *Watson* *managers* now, because I am amazed at how little I remember about some of those things."

What is clear in his mind, however, is the growth achieved from first-year sales of \$112 million. In mid-August, 1985, 62 stores and approximately 350 catalogues

sales offices later, has come the announcement that *Simpsons-Sears* and *Simpsons*, one of its original founding partners, will merge. With expected annual sales of \$3 billion, the new firm will be Canada's second largest merchandise, bigger than *Canada* *Safeway Ltd.* and *Domestic Stores Ltd.*, currently two, three, topped only by the giant *George Weston Ltd.* Every man, woman and child in Canada will spend an average \$130 in a *Simpsons* or *Sears* store or catalogue this year.

The chairman of the two firms, **Barrow** at *Simpsons-Sears* and **G. Allen Burton** at *Simpsons*—one as defined as the first they had—will preside over the merger that's been in both corporate minds for at least five years. Approved by both boards August 18, with the *Simpsons-Sears* afternoon meeting taking a perfunctory five minutes, they will steer the merger through shareholder and Foreign Investment Review Agency approval. If the



Barrow (above): That's all Allen Burton (left) a few new things in a lot

shareholders respond as they did when *Simpsons-Sears* was first formed approval will be easy. When the call went out for questions at that meeting, there were none.

It is unlikely, however, that either man will put his own stamp on the new firm for long. At 64, **Barrow** retires next year. **Burton**, at 63, who follows his father's brother and father in running *Simpsons* the company, has already begun to turn over control to his nephew, **Ed**, 43, president since 1975. While there is no set clear leader for the new giant in Canadian retailing, there will likely be no more than a bit of shuffling at the top. There is, however, agreement on one point: While the name *Simpsons-Sears* has recently disappeared at *Simpsons-Sears* on everything from tags to storefronts, it is not a bono go through another disappearing act. *Simpsons*, the name made famous by a Scottish newspaper's first day goods Toronto store in 1873, opened in 21st years in St. Bruno, Quebec, last month. Both *Simpsons* and *Sears* will be operated as separate divisions.

Additionally, there is still some head-scratching going on, even when "I think," says **Barrow**, "the press is here attempting to explain the fact that we'd continue to operate as separate divisions of a merged company," then pausing and with the slight smile of a man who doesn't take himself too seriously, adds: "Whatever that means."

The seeds for the merger were planted in the initial 1952 agreement between *Chic-*



Photo: G. Allen Burton

go-based Sears, Roebuck & Co. and Simpsons, Ltd. Simpsons-Sears was created to take over the mail-order/order-alike business of Simpsons and build stores—but not within 25 miles of Simpsons. It was a decision Barrow still calls "a stroke of genius," leaving major markets such as Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, London and Regina to Simpsons. "I loved Simpsons-Sears to put out into all parts of Canada. And that agreement was born there. I guess there was always the danger we had eluded around Toronto and Montreal like everybody else did."

In 1973, the original agreement was altered so each could build in the other's territory on a non-exclusive basis, but Simpsons has taken full a dozen stores before Sears's pace. The merger will end the five-year, three-regions rivalry. More important, it won't any take-away of Simpsons which would have placed an unknown and untested partner across the board—rival take from Sears, Roebuck.

Other retailers a mutual weakening up for more aggressive competition from both an invigorating Hudson's Bay Co. and a resurgent Eaton's, making shares of a large merchandising line available to Canada since all strong shares of the current Simpsons-Sears shares are held by the founding companies. Six-pointed Tudor Barrow puts the reason simply: "The importance of being

together is greater than the importance of being apart."

While the specifics of the merger are still being worked out, there will be a share-for-share exchange, with about 51 million shares outstanding in the new company Sears, Roebuck will have a 33.7 per cent ownership of the new company, and be the largest single shareholder although Simpsons people are expected to dominate a new board because of the weight of its 47 million shares in the 91 million.

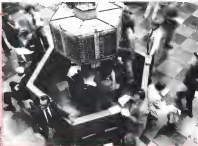
Most observers see few problems with the necessary approval from the Foreign Investment Review Agency, although FIRA Commissioner George Howarth says the agency will be looking at the application closely, noting that "Sears, Roebuck would have a reduced equity share but is a much larger business."

While all that is going on, Canadian shoppers may not notice much difference. Sears will still offer credit—more goods, with the access on automatic, hardware and jewelry, tools. Simpsons will stress women's fashions and higher priced lines. And both are attuned with the difference they intend to continue. Says Barrow: "Our store buyers wouldn't know where to go to buy at Yves St. Laurent T-shirt and I hope they won't find out."

"There will be," says Ted Barrow, "quite a difference in management styles. This may give us an opportunity to take up, if I can use that expression, the management style at Simpsons." Ted is not in the same mold as his uncle, G. Allen Barrow, who became chairman in 1974, as his grandfather C. E. Barrow. He was C. E. Barrow, who with others, bought the Robert Simpson Co. in 1939, by buying off US buyers, changed the name to Simpsons, Ltd., and set the style and bearing that to recent times holds up to fine-wide market index.

It's style that's already changing. In a May speech to analysts, Ted Barrow admitted problems and set out the corrective steps. For Simpsons, while a year reached the top mail, there is some pleasant news in showing a profitable picture of the line that did, Simpsons-Sears, new and for the future.

And perhaps the confusion in names has even been beneficial. Simpsons-Sears is called Simpsons by outside shoppers. Says Barrow: "We're Canadian. In some instances, both Simpsons and Sears are checked by post." "From where I live," says Jack Barrow, "I don't care what people call us, as long as they buy from us." That, given the size and aggressiveness of the chain, is likely to continue. ROBERT MACQUEEN



A flurry of activity on the busy floor of the Toronto Stock Exchange, rising futures.

acting on cash for 12 to 16 months, are back in strength. And while the market has the crush of numbers, there is some psychology of work too. Called investor mental sports by Fred Boardman, non-president of J. D. Bacon, magazine inc. There's a good reason everywhere but there's no good. A close example of a sharp institutional buying in Royal Bank, the largest pension fund manager in Canada, says Roger Olley, vice-president of investments. "We're more optimistic about the economy markets and

emotions than we were from 1973 to 1977. The percentage of equities in the funds in 1977 and in 1973, 1974 to 35 per cent in 1977 and it is up to 35 per cent as pension funds call for a large chunk in the stock market. Perhaps it all began with the 1976, 1977, federal budget that revealed the dividend tax credit. A complicated calculation, it means a 7 per cent increase equals an 11 per cent net gain, investment. Investment funds have been called by the West. Mark Twain had 100-year-olds who thought that money had been thought the market had been thought. Reports of my death," he called, are greatly exaggerated. ROBERT MACQUEEN

# Advertising

You've come an even longer way, baby

Though there's been a slow, sure dissolution of the world Mr. Cost over the past few years, and that's what you plan to work on, your firm has longer looked at advertising. Communications Minister Jeanne Seavey has vision to spare for what she considers the backbone of most advertising attitudes to women. At a meeting of Canadian broadcast associations the summer, she drew attention to the fact that these women as "servants of burden." I fail to see why advertisers cannot treat women as human beings. "The trouble has been that advertising is a business that follows the area of a lead—it has to be that way. It's a market before it steps in. With two new US magazines for working women (McCall's Working Woman and The New York Times Women Who Work) publishing their first issues this fall, with City Woman, a Canadian magazine sent to adult women in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, due September 30, with other traditional magazines like *Chatterbox* shifting their focus so that women do and seem mutually exclusive, marketing people are attempting to figure out how to sell to working women as serious consumers. People who buy insurance policies and televisions.

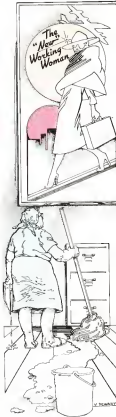
The new women's magazines know where they're living: in 1977, 45.9 per cent of Canadian women were working an increase of more than 22 per cent in the last two decades. Their histories show an undeniable social change, one that the advertising industry has been slow to exploit. However, traditional advertising campaigns in which the world is divided into two markets, are rare and one female has kept on working. Two long-established goods, foods, cosmetics and clothes at women, and the more expensive things in life of men has been profitable for ad agencies and their clients since the invention of the gray flannel suit. "Advertisers ask, 'If it's successful why should I change?'" says Evelyn Cavanah, associate director of Canada's Advertising Standards Council. "Advertisers realize that they can't appeal to all of the people. It's a fact," says George Cameron, director of research and planning for the internationally successful J. Walter Thompson agency. "So, many of them opt for the working woman for good market reasons. The ideal family, where father works and mother stays home to look after the kids, hasn't been around for some time but there's a tendency to think, 'It's dead, therefore it's...'"

Chemists think that advertisers who've been clinging to the 50s image of women as professor of the abuse on her kitchen floor have not only failed to recognize

rapidly changing lifestyles but are probably missing out on thousands of dollars of potential sales. The sharper advertising agencies are being urged to look at the way in which one survey called the "Meister" of the new woman, she wants to live more for herself than others. While our ads have been appealing to women for some time, they have only recently acknowledged that working women may want an economist for different reasons than a housewife—leisure or independence, for instance.

With advertising as competitive as it is, once a few agencies come into a new style of advertising, the rest then follow. The industries selling the "servants" goods like tires, trips to Spain, and insurance policies, have been the most reluctant to appeal specifically to working women. Banks, for instance, are just realizing that many women have money and are prepared to cope with it. Royal Bank ads now show women working in responsible positions and credit card companies are careful to include both male and female cardholders in their ads. American Express just unveiled the pleasure of a privacy check. First in C. P. Frost's. Not surprisingly, considering that women are their 40% in trade, food and consumer companies have been most on top of the change. "The consumer industry has shown women as a new working situation for some time," says Gert Thomsen, senior vice-president of McCann-Erickson Advertising. "Charlie [perfume] ads, for example, have created an image that reflects the new woman's role. She's a party, a hostess, making it all her own."

That doesn't make a small spectre that haunts those concerned with how women are perceived in the media. Many companies tend to show the working woman as an attractive, Charlie type, dressed in a tailored, knee pants suit and carrying a colorful briefcase, a picture of the successful woman who flourishes from the new and revised woman's magazine that it's an image that doesn't fit with the fact that in Canada working women earn an average \$5.14 a day. While the Ladies' League of the Ontario government's Women's Bureau, are pleased to see a change in outlook toward women, they're concerned that new stereotypes don't replace the old. "It's important that advertisers do not believe all working women are professionals," says Lewis. "Because the reality is that only four per cent of women are in management jobs." As she says, even marketers who have recognized the working woman as a profitable target should be having difficulty in identifying who she is and how to reach her. ANNETTE KNOWLTON



## If the market is dead it sure isn't lying down

Back in the go-go days of the 1960s, everybody who was even a nobody made money in the stock market. In those heady days, conglomerates prospered, multinationals, various industries, would public faster than you could name them. Then came the dark days. Economies went sour, profits got old and the corporate profits didn't equal gains that had arrived and the market caught the flu. The Toronto Stock Exchange membership fell from 130 in 1968 to 74 last year, a self-cut caused \$129,568 in 1979 plummeted to \$12,500. Deaths, said many, was eminent.

Slowly at first, from quiet moments and arriving the summer with a wave of overreaction, investors gradually coming that old life has returned to the market scene. What might simply have been a summer rally has become what brokerage houses are calling the best market in 15 years.

In August, the Toronto Stock Exchange 360 Canadian Index hit a low-year-high and total returns for the year were already ahead of the 50 billion of 1977's full twelve months. The Vancouver Stock Exchange too has outpaced 1977 stock increases 75 per cent more—and this year at only two-thirds along.

What a change in double interest. The small investor is prepared to risk a few dollars again, the institutional buyers are

# Labor

The little union that couldn't



Last summer in Gibsons, a small town clinging to the coast north of Vancouver, 36-year-old Kathryn Conway and her dozen or so fellow employees at the Royal Bank joined the United Bank Workers (U.B.W.) in a strike. The U.B.W. had just handed down a historic decision by forcing unions to organize banks branch by branch, instead of having to sign up a majority of the Royal's 32,323 employees in order to be certified to bargain for its members and co-workers felt they could at last have a say about their salaries and working conditions, and that the thousands of women employees at the bottom of Canada's banking pyramid might hope to become something more than tellers of money. By November the U.B.W.'s Royal local in Gibsons was certified. But now, 10 months later, the Gibsons workers have that but in the wilderness feeling. Their union has told them it is asking that certification be withdrawn. Some 23 of the 24 branches it had signed up in British Columbia. In Vancouver, the leaders of the strike, largely volunteer-run team, the little union that dared to topple the financial giant, blamed big labor as well as big business for its forced retreat. But at Gibsons, Kathryn Conway put a bitter's knowing finger on the problem: "The U.B.W. filed popular fronts with a lot of dollars but nothing definite ever seemed to hap-

Picketers at Gibsons protesting the dismissal of two UAW workers. Bank break in April, the "pick" came too soon.

pen. The unions here didn't have enough women to lead the baby birds."

Although some labor observers seem to think the U.B.W. will just fade away, a visit to union headquarters in Vancouver suggests otherwise—indeed seems disheartened. Charlotte Johnson, a U.B.W. founder and president, frankly denies that it's abandoning its members. "The union will still protect them. It was the members themselves who made the decision. We will continue to try to raise money and increase our membership and wage strength to remain watchful. We could not afford to pay people to negotiate; neither were we in a strong enough position to strike." (Bank branches have varied widely in their reactions to being organized. At Gibsons, "The Committee for two people who were heavily into the union and there was picketing," says Kathryn Conway. "But here at the Royal nobody had said a word to us.")

A breakdown at labor solidarity also appeared to be involved. Several B.C. unions affiliated with the Canadian Labor Congress for a time made donations to the independent U.B.W. but these have dwindled, reportedly under pressure from the CIO hierarchy. U.B.W., a section of the 233-

member Service, Office and Retail Workers Union, may have been tipped by some U.B.W.'s philosophical differences with the CIO. Founded in 1972 to organize working women across all union jurisdictions, some U.B.W. has been running afoul of the CIO's principle that men and women should bargain together. Says Linda Bland, a U.B.W. trustee and an ex-member of the Bank of Montreal, "The CIO has not believed responsibly, but they're naive if they think they're going to survive where we haven't."

Actually, go less than four different women are currently causing the country's 130,000 bank employees, and the president of Canada's big five chartered banks has no more to do than comfortably in the business of the Royal Bank's newspaper, page may not be useful but with 7,000 local bank branches waiting to be organized, the union has there are plenty to go around.

So far, apart from the U.B.W., is the CIO and the Canadian Employees Union, which has been certified at several B.C. branches. Biggest is the CIO which recently joined the Canadian Union of Bank Employees into a Bank Workers Committee designed to help any CIO local that wants to try organizing a bank. Says committee director Larry Singer, "Only a coordinated effort by several unions under a CIO umbrella stands a chance." However, by endorser Singer's campaign had been certification for only 13 branches nationwide.

The union that seems to be most active in banking circles and to have the greatest supply of women to lead the baby birds is the Retail Clerks International Union. Pierre-François Bouché, assistant director for the union, says the CIO is not a union with light on one other pending, and even in success to employing the principle that it takes a banker to catch a banker. It has hired 23 former bank employees to organize twelve union in bank, though "some employees' efforts" provided by the union's Washington headquarters.

Bouché deplores the attack suffered in B.C. by the United Bank Workers, which while it has signed up 708 bank staffers has only 100 full-time members. "It would be a shame if time goes down the tube," says Bouché. "If they let all their certifications go, there will be transfers and litigations and harassment from the banks." He also says his Retail Clerks have discussed with U.B.W. taking over their certifications, but as Vancouver U.B.W. union organizer Jackie Asanowich says as way—members have been told they have to join any union they wish. She puts back Bouché's restrictions of harassment. "You can't be in business a person because they belong to a union. It's against the law. In fact, the banks have been very generous. Now they are saying 'No hard feelings,' and staff like that sort of backing, really."

MARK BUCHAN

# Science

The sunshine boys

In the back of a cramped building in Vancouver's gritty East End, amidst the bus-bus of students and the tangy smell of electronic equipment, is the heart of Vortek Industries. It's an appropriately Bush Rogers came for a fledgling Canadian company that has produced a lamp that stands to revolutionize the outdoor lighting industry. Vortek and its super-light weight probe in July for a select group of reporters and industry representatives, flooding the entire surface area of the University of British Columbia's Thunderbird Stadium with a controlled beam of non-drylight from a single lamp. And the company recently shipped one of its \$70,000 prototypes to Toronto where it has been lighting up the 50-by-400-foot facade of a building at the Canadian National Exhibition to the general amusement of passersby.

Formed three years ago by four young UBC physicists—David Cairns, Robert Kent, Gary Alksh and Steven Rudolph—Vortek is being dispirited of the awe that Canadian research and development must party with Detroit's Vortek's lamp, which operates at a surface temperature of 13,000°C—three times the heat of the sun's surface—and can do the work of 125 of the largest standard outdoor lamps, was approved as a side project while the four worked at UBC's Physics Physics Group in the early '70s. Their breakthrough was not at the light source—sodium has long known how to use electrical discharges from argon and other gases to create an artificial sun—but in how to put it to work. "The problem with previous experiments,"

The futuristic building at Toronto's Canadian National Exhibition, normally lit with sodium and neon lights. It now is brighter tomorrow, a bright light tonight.



says Cairns, "was that the high temperatures generated in the glass tubing by the gas discharges always destroyed the tubes." In 1973, he and the others initiated one of the walls of the standard tube with a thin wall of quartz tube recycled 30 times a second and pumped through the tube quickly enough to cool it without evaporating. Discrete limits at Thunderbird Stadium confirmed that an unbelievably-looking 1,500-pound lamp housed in a black sheet-metal box the size of a dishwasher and based on these principles actually worked.

In 1975, with UBC holding the patent, the four left the physics department with sole rights to develop and market the lamp. Vortek capital from private lenders, however, was not forthcoming. Vortek had to shift through the resources of a patchwork of government agencies such as the Industrial Research Assistance Program and 708 (Federal Development Bank) for the research funds and the \$251,000 needed to put the company on its feet.

Unsure of their next step, the scientists acknowledge that another group, MPE Industries of Montreal, is developing a lamp of comparable intensity. But so far, Vortek has an American competitor and Washington, Canada's largest supplier of outdoor lighting, has expressed interest. They see the lamp's 75-kilowatt beam lighting open get means, search and rescue operations and stadiums. Although planned to be nearing the marketplace, Cairns cannot help being ardently bitter about the shabby treatment afforded Vortek by private lenders. Flattering one of the static system-fence fantasy dreamers creating the Vortek workshop walls, he vents a note: "If we had wanted to open a Pop Shoppe we would have had the money the more shrewd."

THOMAS HOFFMAN



On March 30, 1978, Captain James Cook sailed into Nekeia Sound, Vancouver Island.

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# Health

## You can't keep a good (or bad) mosquito down

He was sure to find the flu. The chills and fever, the aching muscles were so familiar, the accompanying headache—every symptom was unmistakably familiar. But when his temperature began to spike to high as 104° F, he thought he'd better check himself in for hospital care. Now he and the other patients admitted to that hospital—a Canadian teaching hospital—knew their garden variety influenza was actually malaria, the tropical scourge. That the six didn't suspect an understandable in this land of snow and fluff, but neither did their doctors. In each case malaria was discovered only after routine blood tests.

The incidence of malaria in Canada is flat on the rise. In 1975 there were 43 cases. Last year there were 100 and by last July this year there were already 100. That might not seem like many, but the number of Canadian doctors who can recognize malaria is so small, says one Toronto doctor, "you can count them on two hands."

The increase in Canada coincides with a drastic resurgence of malaria throughout

the world. The mosquito-transmitted disease, which is the major cause of death and disability in tropical and subtropical countries, was considered "contained" in the '50s following a massive World Health Organization program that reached half a billion people. However malaria is now well on its way to old levels and two officials with optimistic about bringing it under control again. They estimate that 150 million people are now affected—the global high was 250 million before the WHO program—and the risk of getting malaria is as high as in the 1950s. In 1976 malaria killed 1.5 million people, an estimate of three children in Africa. In India the incidence of malaria is 60 times higher than a decade ago and in Turkey the figure is 100 times what it was 10 years ago.

The increase has been triggered both by a growing resistance to antimalarial drugs

Keynote in his Toronto clinic, and, possibly, a malaria-carrying mosquito on a human head who knows what evil lurks?



and pesticides by several species of mosquito (a single-celled blood parasite carried in the saliva of the mosquito is the actual cause of the disease) and by a sharp increase in the use of penicillin-resistant pesticides. It was the heavy application of pesticides like DDT that provided the first breakthrough in the '30s control program, but its overuse made it an environmental hazard. Intensifying the problem is a change in insect management. After the first success in the '50s malaria specialists went elsewhere—many of those with degrees were diverted to the organization's malaria program. Now it's estimated in India alone that 50,000 specialists may have to be recruited.

In Canada, malaria is reported. Cases occur here mostly among returning travelers and immigrants from countries such as India, says Dr. Jay Keystone, director of the Toronto General Hospital's Tropical Disease Unit. The problem is one of poor diagnosis. The country's few specialists are concentrated mostly in Montreal and Toronto and the teaching of medical parasitology is "woefully inadequate" according to Keystone. He cites a recent study that revealed that only five of 14 medical schools offered "a rudimentary introduction to human parasitology, that is, greater than 10 hours of lectures or lab."

Through a work group sponsored by the Department of National Health and Welfare has been looking into the question of setting up a national tropical disease center. Keystone says the real need is to get the expertise in Toronto and Montreal to doctors across the country. "Too often," he says, "you have a family doctor telling somebody he's got the flu. He goes to find it but the patient then ends up at hospital emergency where he's told again that he's got the flu and sent back home. This goes on until a finally goes to look for malaria."

There are two approaches to controlling the disease. One is to try to control the mosquito, but breeding grounds in tropical regions are almost endless. Progress is more generally after mosquitoes making them aware to the point it's not such a great deal on a large scale. The other hope is to be able to eliminate man with a vaccine. At New York's Rockefeller University, researchers have succeeded in growing a malaria parasite in culture but U.S. malaria expert Dr. Louis Miller says he doesn't want to talk about how long it may take to produce a successful vaccine. Only half-proven, he says, he's not working on it. He's not the mosquito say the evil eye has been with the people trying to come up with a vaccine. "And we say the bug has been with the mosquito people. Sometimes I think the only real hope is for a discovery as different, as dramatic, as revolutionary as the original discovery that the disease was carried by a mosquito and not something that floated in the air. At the time [the end of the 19th century] the idea was thought to be nonsense."

WAYNE CLARK

## The temptation is great, sometimes, to line up with the 'sexual oppressors'

Column by Mordecai Richler

We have all learned to live with a good many shifty cultural attitudes, many of them of a sexual nature, in the past two decades. The love that once dared not speak its name, for instance, now shouts it from the rooftops.

Even the recently formed Gayline XI, the homosexualists' soccer team, the "players" has dyed hair, has registered with the Soccer Football Federation and challenged Coventry City to a match, if only to prove that homosexuals can play as well as heterosexuals.

There are truculent women also who are demonstrating for the right to do things men have never done out of choice, but only through force. For instance that story about me they seem to feel that their lives would be enhanced if only they could be garbage collectors, telephone linemen, gas pump attendants, or belong to the Bideaux Club Girls, one session out of inner-city, court cases with the pit vipers is larger among today's teenage boys than baseball cards ever were. The good High Mackenzie has lost most of the characteristics to an unimproved "dandyism." "People have as much more freedom today than in my day," he said in a recent interview. "Condoms, contraceptives, What changed everything was the pill and penis."

Yes, certainly. But I blame it mostly on the movies. When I was a kid we looked to Hollywood, for fantasy, candy-coated lies, not a shadow reflection of the way we lived, which is all we really get now. And, one day, a hard bang over Fredrich March was actually sent to burn in *The Best Years of Our Lives*. This was a sexual war, according to the world that had lately to *Keep Them From Turning*, and other screen games—the reflections, if arguably necessary, prove we pay for sex in order to get something like what March's burg also had indirectly to the increasing pressure put upon us by the most belated members of certain and sexual minorities everywhere. Women like him, gay like him.

Here, last summer, a woman hockey player in New York used sexual discrimination where she was not welcomed into the Rangers' dressing room after a game. Gay young, passionately Canadian player present. "This stuff has advanced to get

addressed in front of my wife. Am I supposed to take my uniform off with her?"

It is possible to be for equal employment rights and to be to discrimination against women or homosexuals and still find some of their demands ludicrous, others deplorable. It is to say I do not support the early before the next Bideaux Club should be a M.L., and I do not intend to take legal action even though one of my daughters has been drafted by the Canadians. Per-



haps, though I do not consider myself a sexual bigot, and am against homosexual teachers being rooted out of schools, I would rather my 10-year-old boy were not taken on a weekend camping trip by a second gay.

Clearly, there is a difference between equal rights and cultural overhaul. We should, with some grace, accept certain humanism imposed on us by race, religion, gender and sexual practices. Not everything is possible. At the same time, I do not expect to be the next ruler of Zambia any more than I am going to be a black power minister of Canada. Because I was born Jewish.

I do not think my civil rights were impinged on when my name failed to surface in the short list as a possible successor to Pope Paul. As my grandfather said I do not feel threatened because I am not likely to be this year's Miss Gay Cup. Neither, even though I am a Jew, do I expect to be warmly welcomed in the Door dressing room after a fashion show. As a bet-

terrace, I do not feel rejected as I have not been married to my husband (Jewish and Gay) in Toronto Or Room a Man in New York. By the same token, I do not want to be taken for a poor society because I'd rather not have Truman Capote or Michel Tremblay as my table. Neither do I want women, however elegant, hanging around the position or make a job of my dress.

I enjoy the company of women, naturally. I have had a number of homosexual friends for years, but when another woman or gay friend is part of a group of men enjoying a collection I find them just as attractive as the Bideaux Club. Coming out of the closet or kitchen is one thing but it is certainly not obligatory to be as loud and as interested in a drama. The most interesting thing about Joan Austin, whom I like to be one of the truly great authors in the English tradition is not that she was a woman. Neither is homosexuality the most compelling fact about E.M. Forster or W.H. Auden, and the last-day defiant celebration of their second units by gay secondaries makes me thinking to two major writers. Not every woman who has spent her best years as a housewife has necessarily achieved an important career, any more than the housewife who were quietly proud of their work. I think that some women are protesting for too much, rendering themselves unintentionally ironic.

After *The May Issue of The Body Politic*, Canada's Gay Liberationist, announced The Great Canadian Lesbian Convention, to be judged by Joan Rankin and Marc-Clare Biss. What, I wonder, are two such admirably talented ladies doing leading their considerable reputations to such parochial meetings, and should it protest to the Human Rights Commission that I am being excluded on grounds that are clearly sexist?

Even so, it is outrageous for *The Toronto Star*, that celebrated keeper of standards, to label *The Body Politic* "a craven, dirty publication without a redeeming feature." Though it is not unknown to its pages, it strikes me as a dirty intelligent journal. Not nearly so tedious as *Harper's*, or, come to think of it, as queer as taste as *The Toronto Star*.



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Beleith a great worth a thousand words

terry issue of your choice? Which is why writer Harold R. Harris, Chris Miller and Douglas Kenney set their original record of violence in a manuscript little Americans could see in a newspaper but in American towns in one of the more handsome years in recent memory, 1962.

The brutality of the bombing is masterfully set in the right place, but being all over the scene, a newspaper being down up a set of stairs, plastic bloods being their clothes ripped off and a lot of forgettable jokes about misanthropes. The scenes of Delta Two One are the Good Guys—you are all but out of the know all the day when to the rock down "Louis, Louis." The violence are the frequent members of Omega Theta Psi, all short-haired, sunny types who don't believe that the Delta's idea of fun is the American Way. Every character is a cliché, almost everyone will sound you of someone you want to college with. Profoundly is a comedy what Canada co-producer Brian Reisman was after. "I'm not deluding myself that I'm making quality news," he told Maclean's recently in reference to one of his previous efforts (David Winkler). "I want to make good explanation that on a world class." Well, that time, he's made it.

Still, the movie has its moments—and most of them belong to John Belushi as White, an amoral version of the Good-year Blimp. Belushi doesn't have much to say but he can use a perfectly and eye-roll and move with an extraordinary deft grace—as if with an eagle's eye from King Kong during the mile long in June Lake. His previous efforts, *Animal House* to a lesser-than-average—if crude—youth-film entertainment for the good of humor.

BY GORDON

## Books

### The errors of his ways

By SEARCH OF HISTORY: A Personal Adventure by Theodore H. White (McGraw-Hill, \$15.95)

At 65 he looks like a worried Jewish lapidarian wandering off, after all, Moses and St. Patrick are on his side. A man of faith has overwhelmed Theodore White and he lays out his dilemma in the feisty, detail-cramped prose of *In Search of History*.

After a dozen books, including the best-selling series *The Making of the President* (1960, '64, '68, '72), White finds himself written by the uncomfortable suspicion that he really doesn't comprehend the ideas beneath his account of American politics and history. Sometimes, he suspects, there must be more to it than his frequently stated account of such moments in the shaping of "Negro Night" at MIT's house with NAACP leaders in one room discreetly hidden from the rival black leader Martin Luther King, Jr. in another one. American White, speaking of himself in the third person, "No piling up of more regrettably facts, no teasing anecdote, no embracing concept, could hide from him [White] what was wrong: his old ideas no longer stretched over the real world as he saw and sensed it to be."

Better late than never. White is a potent example of the shift in interests of cultured men. Only a century ago, society's first-rate minds automatically chose the arts and humanities for enrichment. The tragedy of the 20th century is the abandonment of the humanities to the second-raters, today the mentally less go into the sciences where quantum physics stretch the imagination far more than the pseudo-science of psycho-history or Living Language courses. Journalism, which traditionally draws its practitioners from the arts, has been a casualty of this process and it is a casualty of cultural sophistication.

White's influential career included a stint as *Time* correspondent in China and moving rapidly into European post-war reconstruction. By his own admission the "personalities" of interviews often weighed his opinion more than the content of their ideas. The stiff Clavon Ka-lick suffered in comparison to the capably accurate Chen K. T. The Kennedy was so impressed that White that he finds so difficult in embracing MIT's dedication to the principle of Deficit Budgeting which White describes as "The most successful formulae among scholars and translators: Einstein's *E=mc²* or Darwin's *C=V* (usually, he fails to note the equality in dimension)." White seems unable to move beyond personality to judgment based on abstract thought and he celebrates "the free-ind-

ing society" but missed appreciative, for example, that it was his idol Roosevelt with his New Deal who more than anyone else legitimized the interference of the state in human affairs and the trading society, or that it was Roosevelt who, after spilling much American blood (rightly) to get rid of the Nazis, handed over half the world to their Communist equivalent.

White's saving grace, apart from his superb, strengths writing, is his engag-



White tries to set a new theme straight

ing ability to change his mind. Still, after long consideration of *In Search of History*, it seems a 100-yr whether the Rev. Mr. of Truly White is open—or simply blank. Much as one admires White's honesty in going public about his errors and misgivings, one has some reluctance about handing out medals for discovering the obvious.

BUSINESS MEN

### Written on the (ill) wind

CANADIAN New Deal by Francis Posthumus (1978, Prentice and Wadsworth \$15.95)

Myth. War between nations is a capitalist contradiction which could not happen under socialism. Reality: Last June 68,000 Vietnamese troops invaded Cambodia.



# Everything you ever wanted to know about what's going on around here

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Summer upsets of Chairman Foth

The country is split on Bobby Cr—50 per cent hoping he makes it, the other 50 per cent wishing he hadn't come.

Stay away from people you have never seen. Though they're not only unknown, they're dangerous.

It is hard to imagine what happens the Canadian voter the most, the prospect of Senator Stevens as finance minister or another young Liberal lawyer doing on-the-job training in the same post.

The most obvious sign of the decline and fall of Western civilization is junk food. Ronald McDonald is our hero.

It is one of the remarkable features of the style of leadership of Pierre Trudeau, who has the most distant personality of any Canadian politician in decades, that after 10 years in power he now has no one with a personality left in his cabinet. It is also unfortunate.

Never talk before 11 a.m. No good has ever come of it.

On the Prairies, near the end of the 1930s, grown children ran screaming indoors when run at full tilt. They had never seen it before. The same thing will happen to Canadian teenagers if Joe Clark wins the election.

Henry Carter has probably cut the same back 30 years.

It is wise to remember that the most westerly Liberal provincial government in the country is situated in Nova Scotia.

I can never understand why women want to be equal. Why would they willingly sacrifice? (discovery)

Intellectual ferment in the Liberal party, now in power more frequently than any party in any other democracy in the world over the last half century, is shown by the fact that the only new justice minister who can be degraded out of the Liberal caucus is someone who has been previously a Liberal justice minister.

It is no longer true that what binds this country together is hatred of Toronto. What binds this country together in 1978 is amazement at witnessing the "Gacy Cupboard" Toronto Agony.

They may not be the right ideas (Proposition 13) but the new ideas in American politics come from California. In Canada they also come from the West (disgrace of the CCI, Social Credit and Jack Her-ber). Progress is the development of

straight, left-right political situations—in is Britain—in a British Columbia and Manitoba, (with Saskatchewan soon to follow) it will develop rationally. The only question is which national party will do this. Tories or the Liberals?

It is the man who plays golf who calls women "girls."

There has been only one career president for the swift descent of the free-breathing Parti Quebecois from an evangelistic movement into a cautious political

Avoid people who say "Do you have a minute?" They take up the most time of all.

The rest of the country will never really take risk Alberta seriously until it establishes a two-party system. The authoritarian streak in that province's voters is puzzling and a little scary.

Harold Ballard, our very own George Steinbrenner.

The shoddy son of Pierre Elliott Trudeau (perhaps the shoddy but looking in this he is too bright for his political opponents. This results in a reversion to a juvenile taste in his formidable campaign equipment. He regards any question as far gone for an amazing courtesy in professional debating technique. In a way he is an intellectual monarch, prepared to take any role in an argument ("Where is Baffin?"). "Why should I tell you what?" just to test the mettle of the opposing argument, and he wonders why the voters are perplexed by him.

Pierre Trudeau was right. The CBC is the only organization in the world where the milk runs to the top.

One of the major indignities against English-language politicians is that the two men who most attractively use the language in Canada are two men from Quebec—Lévesque and Trudeau.

First rule for a young reporter when a politician offers to tell you something off-the-record: excuse yourself to go out for a chocolate bar. And keep going.

Anyone—public or private figure—who gives a speech lasting more than 27 minutes should be fined. People who mention parking meters are. Which is the greater sin?

Proof is made that there must be some good ideas in Trudeau's plan for a House of Federation as the yelps of pain and wails of constipation coming from the present members of the Senate it would replace.

One of the surprising aspects of Claude Ryan is that—though younger than both—he regards Pierre Trudeau and René Lévesque as fairly promising, though erratic, youngsters.

There's a solution to the Post Office problem. It could be ordered that Post Office workers receive their cheques by mail if your mother can't cook, run away from home.



party making the middle ground so as to achieve revolution: the evolving of Pierre Trudeau, between 1968 and 1974, from philosopher-king into Mexican King.

Inside Joe Clark's room is a John Deere lawnmower struggling to get out.

It is wise to follow the experience of the man who advised never to order a martini in a town that still has a high school band.

Most successful politicians in the land has proven to be Louis Nadeau: leader of the Reform Party.

Brend Bernard is going to perish from a severe case of the cancer which his leaders call down. He has a serious voice; too.

Greatest sign of relief in the land came from the Liberal banner with the news that Los Angeles had solved its Olympic Games problems. Others knew that if Juan Drapera seriously proceeded with his offer to compare the Games again, there would be rioting in the streets (and belief boxes) of Moose Jaw.

Below Group picked too soon. Today he would be a very credible Opposition leader.

# An elegant shape is very often a reflection of quality.



Carrington, a whisky of outstanding quality.

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With a dash of Hemingway.*

Old walls. Clouds making faces.  
Breeze. Summer. Waiter looked like a  
Toulouse-Lautrec poster.  
Aperitifs (Smirnoff and red vermouth).  
Let's come back.

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